

# THE DIAL

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## UNIVERSITY CONTROL.

"That a professor's salary should depend on the favor of a president, or that he should be dismissed without a hearing by a president with the consent of an absentee board of trustees is a state of affairs not conceivable in an English or German university."

This succinct statement illustrates a condition of affairs which has become common in our American institutions of higher education, many of which have fully developed, or tend to develop, a system of academic autocracy which, in the opinion of many observers, is ominous of evil and a menace to the best interests of education. Things were not always thus, for a historical survey of the history of universities shows a very different condition to have prevailed in earlier times. The great mediæval universities, to which legend tells us that students flocked by the tens of thousands, were organized upon a basis which made them true republics of learning. A university then was "unhierarchical, democratic, anarchic," being simply the professors and the students, governed by many prescriptions of custom, and administered by councils and rectors elected for short periods by the university body. The German universities of the nineteenth century inherited this good tradition, and the English universities followed its teachings. In America, the colonial colleges copied the English form of government, and were controlled by their faculties, fellows, and alumni. By gradual steps, however, they slipped into the hands of small self-perpetuating corporations, of which an extreme case was Columbia, whose reactionary charter of 1810 gave to trustees and president autocratic powers of the sort that political absolutism was even then beginning to discard as outworn and unconsentant with the new spirit of freedom that was abroad in the world.

These quotations and examples are taken from Professor Cattell's informed and thorough discussion of the subject of university control ("Science," Nos. 908-909), a subject upon which he has had much to say of late, finding occasion for caustic criticism of existing American conditions, and standing as the champion of an academic democracy and a teaching profession upon which a man may enter without forfeiting his self-respect. An earlier paper on the same subject, published some six years ago, was reprinted by him, with footnotes, and sent to

several hundred men of science holding academic positions, asking for their opinions. About three hundred replies were received, exhibiting a somewhat remarkable consensus of agreement upon the main thesis, and betraying a degree of dissatisfaction with present conditions, which those in the seats of educational power would be well-advised to heed. This paper proposed a plan of organization upon more democratic lines than now prevail, not as a substitution to be immediately made, but rather as an ideal to which reconstructive movements should tend. A university corporation was proposed which should be made of professors, alumni, and interested members of the community at large. This corporation should elect trustees "having the ordinary functions of trustees—the care of the property and the representation of the common sense of the corporation and of the community in university policy." The professors should elect a president for a short term of years (or an annual rector, as in Germany), and "his salary should not be larger, his position more dignified or his powers greater than those of the professor." The university should be organized in departments, each of which should elect its own administrative head, "and have as complete autonomy as is consistent with the welfare of the university as a whole," and each department should nominate its own professors. There should be a coördinating body, or "senate" for final elections and for general legislation. "There should be as much flexibility and as complete anarchy throughout the university as is consistent with unity and order."

These are the outlines of the plan offered for consideration to Professor Cattell's correspondents. He does not balk at the word "anarchy," nor will his intelligent readers, for they know that the term has a respectable connotation, and its use in this connection properly emphasizes the contrast that should be drawn between the ideal advocated and the ideal which naturally finds favor in a commercial and industrial community, which owes its prosperity to autocratic forms of organization, and to which "efficiency" is a fétich. It is hard indeed to make such a community realize that its most cherished maxims and methods cannot be applied to an art—least of all to the fine art of education—and that in such application they must be deadening or destructive. Yet such is undoubtedly the case, and it illustrates just the difference—or the absolute antagonism—between the professional and the commercial motive. The professional man must be free to set his own standards of conduct; the man of business pursuits must be

content with having them set for him by the State, or by the organized opinion of his special occupation. Freedom is the breath of life to the professions, and the law of fruition in achievement is for them the law which the inner being of the individual both shapes and enforces upon him. "Efficiency" properly lauded in the erection of a building, the construction of a machine, or the management of a railway system, is a perfectly meaningless bugbear in the realm of medicine, or of art, or of teaching, and it is enough to make angels weep to read certain recent suggestions that the methods which yield desirable practical results in bricklaying should forthwith be applied to the work done in our schools and colleges. The state of mind in which such a suggestion can be even entertained is one that calls for a curious inspection of the bumps. The university is the last place where efficiency should prevail, says Professor Cattell, if it means giving autocratic powers to any individual. We like a writer who is not too timid to take a logical bull by the horns.

The answers received in reply to the question, 299 in number, showed 46 favorable to the present system, 69 favorable to a greater degree of faculty control, and 184 favorable to "a plan of representative democracy more or less similar to the one proposed." These figures certainly justify the statement that "when eighty-five per cent of those responsible for the conduct of a given system unite in holding that it should be altered, the case may be regarded as strong." A still stronger statement results from examining the returns made by five large institutions—Columbia, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, and Chicago—for out of seventy-two replies only three indicated a preference for the existing system. "This is surely a condition which foretells reform or bankruptcy" is Professor Cattell's fitting comment. The realization of such a reform as is urged in this paper must necessarily be a matter of many years. As Professor Cattell says, "no sensible person would attempt to reform suddenly by a paper constitution a system which has developed in response to its environment. The boss in politics, the trust magnate in business, the university president and school superintendent, have probably conduced to a certain kind of efficiency and to an enlargement more rapid than would otherwise have been possible." But this does not mean that the system thus shaped should be perpetuated, and we are convinced that our author is right, as far as the root of the matter is concerned. But it will be peculiarly difficult to give effect to such

a reform as he proposes, for the reason that the controlling authorities in most of our universities are bodies of men successful in affairs, who cannot think that the methods by which efficiency is secured and success attained in the business world may not properly be applicable in the educational sphere, and to whom the professional point of view is simply incomprehensible. They will not easily be converted, because they cannot easily be made to understand. Yet the ideal is worth understanding which is embodied in this series of questions:

"Can there not be one university where the professor will have a study instead of an office, where the ideal set before the young instructor is something else than answering letters promptly and neatly on the typewriter, where men are weighed rather than counted, where efficiency and machinery are subordinated to the personality of great men? Could there not be a university or school, dominating some field of scholarship and research with its half-dozen professors and group of instructors and students drawn together by them? Might not means be devised by which the professor would be paid for the value of his teaching service and research, and then be set free to do his work how and when and where he can do it best."

It is our belief that such a university is possible, and that, when once brought into being, it would do away with many evils, while its efficiency in the higher sense would be made so manifest that many others would hasten to copy its example.

#### THE DUOCENTENARY OF ROUSSEAU.

The case of Rousseau is about to be re-opened. The occasion—for even Jean-Jacques must await his turn in the modern magazine—is provided by the approaching duocentenary. Therefore, as the twenty-eighth of June draws nigh, we may expect to hear that Rousseau was good, that Rousseau was bad, that he was a great prophet, that he was a madman, as well as other opinions almost as diverse and contradictory. And we shall not easily come to a conclusion, since the whole question involves the fundamental opposition between the feelings and the intellect. For if the personality of Jean-Jacques is still a matter of discussion, if the value of his influence is contested, it is because he represents, in his temperament no less than in his conception of life, education, and politics, the man of feeling—the neurasthenic, one might almost say—as opposed to the humanist and believer in the supremacy of the reason.

Such a platitude perhaps requires an apology. Yet from this fact arises the whole dispute over Rousseau. Judged by the Romantic generation, his lineal descendants, Jean-Jacques is accounted a saint. Dissected by modern pathological criticism, he is explained as a degenerate. That fact at least

indicates a reaction. Among his contemporaries, however, we find something of each point of view. This shows us that Rousseau's nature must have had its winsome side. Indeed, the whole theory of his repulsive personality, so ingeniously forwarded by Grimm, Diderot, and their circle, is refuted at once by Jean-Jacques's proved capacity to attract friends and to win their affection and their influence. In this respect, at least, there was really no need for Mrs. Macdonald to amass all the laborious evidence of her two-volume *apologia*.\*

Of course, one may make friends everywhere and still be a charming good-for-nothing. Such individuals we all know; we are not blinded, as were so many of Jean-Jacques's contemporaries, by the charms of a newly-discovered sentimentality. *Keeping* one's friends is rather a different matter. For friendship has its duties no less than its privileges; and if this great sentimentalist experienced at times the need of affection and appreciation, if he felt now and again the want of an interlocutor or a confidant, a study of his "Confessions" reveals his selfishness if not his self-sufficiency. He could forget—he could let his friends slip out of his life as easily as he could change his religion.

A study of Rousseau's friendships would shed much light upon his character. But his essentially anti-social egotism needs no such evidence. A genius standing out against society, isolated as much through his morbid sensitiveness as by an apprenticeship to life which deprived him of any realization of man's place in a world of men, we may be sure that his prodigious capacity for feeling will some day find an outlet in the wildest individualism. Motherless and early abandoned by a worthless father, we shall not expect such a boy to develop any conception of discipline. Heredity, environment, and the "moment," as Taine puts it, all conspired to produce a Jean-Jacques. Yet such is the weakness of his will that even these things might have conspired in vain. If this young ne'er-do-well, rich only in thirty years of vagabondage and dreaming, had not been forced out of a home and a disgraceful guest-friendship by a qualm of wounded pride (read the whole story from the time of the partnership with Anet), he might have died a teacher of music in Geneva, and the world might never have known what an apostle it had lost.

Upon such a chance did the fame of Rousseau depend. Always a plaything of his feelings, a man whose actions were determined by his moods, his rôle in history hangs upon the event which sent him forth into the world of Paris,—a world of convention with a highly organized social hierarchy. Into such a society,—as Emile Faguet points out, a society of perfectly dovetailed parts, a world where "original" spelt "eccentric,"—came this dreaming vagabond, a grown man with all a boy's timidity, a plebeian conscious of genius, an over-sensitive coun-

\*"Rousseau: A New Criticism," by Frederica Macdonald, 1906.



tryman, devoid of social graces and social tact. The result was inevitable. Given such a genius, his development, his theories, his works, his whole apostleship, arise from his reaction upon society, a reaction which came too late to permit him to conform.

The process of transformation required several years. At the beginning, Jean-Jacques made his effort to conform: he was obliged to earn his living. But deep in his heart, his disappointment and his rebellion were slowly gathering force; and when, one fine day in 1749, a newspaper announcement of a literary contest\* suggested an impeachment of civilization, his sense of personal wrongs and his imaginative sentimentality drove him into self-expression with a storm of tears. Now at last he may express his opinion of this world of Paris, so different from the idealized reminiscences of his vagrant adolescence.

That the occasion of this indictment is the arts, that he is himself a writer of little comedies and light operas, and will continue to be one for years, is at least significant. But human motives are often mixed, and in the man of moods they may become inextricably tangled. So Rousseau wrote his essay, won the prize, and, in the first flush of fame which the event brought him, threw aside all attempt to conform. More than that, he undertook a personal reformation: he became, as he tells us, "virtuous or at least intoxicated with virtue," resigned his secretaryship to earn his living by copying music, and emphasized a republican simplicity of dress by a cynic's rudeness of manner. One remembers his early reading and his life-long admiration of Plutarch.

The effect speedily justified the means. Jean-Jacques became famous. "All Paris," as he tells us in the "Confessions," repeated his biting sarcasms; now at last the despised plebeian and the haughty aristocrat might exchange rôles. Such a transposition could hardly have been unpleasant. And if, meanwhile, our moral "convert" was living with a mistress and sending his illegitimate children one after the other to the foundlings' home, it only shows us how impossible it is to achieve a sentimental consistency or to escape the influence of one's age. One may dream of an Arcadian "Nature" and still accept the vices of irresponsibility so conveniently afforded by a hated civilization.

This was Jean-Jacques's "Conversion." It makes a very lyrical page in the "Confessions,"—a page worthy of this re-discovery of emotion in the realm of morality. Rousseau was now thirty-seven, his first adolescent response to sentiment dulled by use and by his experience in Paris. He was to find that again, reminiscentially at least, when he quitted the world of men and actualities for the dream life of the Hermitage. Now, with the first delights of his liaison behind him, his heart was drifting like a ship becalmed. He had his chances, a chance favored by his work with the Encyclopædists, to divorce his brain and his heart. Then, without warning, a new

storm of sentiment overcame him; the stilled waters began to course once more; the tide of passion bore away its victim, and Jean-Jacques lost his opportunity to learn the true nature of sophistry.

For if half of his eloquence is vision, a deal of it is sophistical. What a *corpus vile* for classes in logic could be found in Rousseau, if anyone took the trouble to read these tiresome volumes! Yet in their own day everybody read them; in an age of theorizing, in an age of sentiment already ripe for passion, this new strain of passionate theory rang on the ears of a feminized society with a delicious thrill. And the virtuous Jean-Jacques, no longer an outcast, but accepted with all his boorish whims, now lived as the guest of the great, and in the intervals of music-copying poured forth, with a rapidity which attests the force of his passion, the "Discours sur l'Inégalité," the "Lettre sur les Spectacles," "Julie," "Emile," the "Contrat Social," and the "Lettres de la Montagne." For the fervor of this second youth lasted fully twelve years.

A veritable emotional renaissance, out of it sprang all the works of Rousseau. After all, passion alone can arouse the dreamer to thought, and in this prophet of an emotional emancipation there were several varieties of passion. Jules Lemaitre enumerates them in his biography. There was, first of all, the plebeian, smarting under the consciousness of his social unreadiness and his lack of *savoir-faire*. There was the disappointed aspirant for musical and literary celebrity. There was the vagabond who had suffered, who had endured even hunger and privation, in his attempt to live his dream in a world of facts. There was, in short, every seed of revolt, everything that could help to create a destructive critic of the world as it was. But there was also the man of generous enthusiasms, filled with a personal ideal in which he would have liked to include all humanity. All these were combined and incarnated in this prose-poet, who, as he tells us, "felt before thinking," and who in reality was only impelled to think because he felt.

Thought derived from such a source is rarely new, however original it may appear to its re-discoverer. Even in the eighteenth century, Rousseau's ideas were not new. The basic principles of his "system" were the common property of his age. They were in the air, and Jean-Jacques only appropriated them. But he made them his by his lyricism, by the compelling eloquence with which he expressed them, by his passionate force. And if that eloquence sprang from chance, if all his work is the product of circumstance, it surely vitiates them as we behold their source. It must alter our opinion of their author; a man who is guided by events, who is always accusing circumstances or excusing himself thereby, has little of that force of character which we look for in our moral leaders. As a moralist, it is our right to judge Jean-Jacques and his doctrine thus; as the first of the Romantic fatalists, it is our right to confront his ideas with his confessions; for if this plaything of events and of the *élan vital* does not

\*On the question: Has the restoration of the arts and the sciences contributed to purify or to corrupt manners?



dignify his weakness by the name of pragmatism, he does excuse it by the sophistries of his "philosophy."

Of course he is not aware of that. A true Roman-ticist, he deceives himself before he deceives others. But what unwitting humor in the result! How clearly he dissimulates his weakness, how he hides his hatred of the facts of life and his desire for an impossible dream of self-indulgence—a dream to which we owe that virile phrase of our Declaration: "the pursuit of happiness"! For when Jean-Jacques compares society with the "natural" man, when he opposes the evils of society to the good of which he is ever conscious in himself, we ought to read, not "society," but the rights of others and the ineluctable force of reality. No, this regenerator of humanity never accepted the fact of life, never saw life sanely or saw it whole.

But space forbids the discussion of Rousseau's ideas and their place in the history of civilization. To these ideas we owe a great deal: much that is good and much that is unqualifiedly bad. After a hundred and fifty years, the danger of his doctrine is visible in its results. If, a century ago, Rousseauism meant The Rights of Man, to-day Rousseauism carried to its logical conclusion means Socialism. And as we find that it was he who furnished the Revolution with its vocabulary, so we may trace his principles in the propaganda of the Socialistic agitation of the present day. Hence a reaction has set in. Some of the greatest critics of France have presented the negative side of Rousseau and Rousseauism, and one wonders why their books have not been translated into English. Surely, at the present juncture of American politics, we cannot afford to ignore this intellectual movement of our sister republic; for only such a reaction can show us, children of Jean-Jacques that we are, how the malady of his dreaming has invaded our conceptions of politics, life, and art.

It may be that we are unable to change it. Many cannot recognize the evil,—many *will* not; and these latter would maintain that there is no trace of disease in our Rousseauistic individualism. Admitted evils they would explain as necessary, on the analogy of the bacterial life which is a concomitant of health in the human system. To such as these it is of no use to read Faguet's book on Democracy, "The Cult of Incompetence." They will assure us that they alone represent democratic ideals, since they are in the majority; and as they *are* in the majority, it is plain that they must await the final development of Rousseauism and the argument of events. If the equalitarian chimera brings us a syndicalistic State, war and militarism will inevitably follow; and then perhaps we shall all, as equals, enjoy the sweet conviction of *force majeure*.

Certainly, if the Industrial Revolution is on its way, no anti-Rousseauistic argument is likely to stop it. It will come, and our only consolation must be the thought that it will also come to an end. Twelve years after the French beheaded Louis XVI., they were obliged to call in a military dictator to save

their State from annihilation. So if we are to have syndicalism, or some other form of direct proletarian democracy, it might be well to aid it discreetly, just as in certain maladies physicians employ a serum obtained from the diseased blood of the patient.

In point of fact, we are doing this very thing. For Rousseauism in politics depends upon Rousseauism in education. It was Jean-Jacques who first stood for pedagogic naturalism, so intolerant of discipline and the direct training of the character and the will. If we consider our present educational system, most of its features are ultimately traceable to Rousseau. What do our schools and colleges stand for to-day? Interest, amusement, rather than set tasks; election of congenial studies (since life has in store for us no uncongenial labors); non-sectarianism; and then, absence of all that religious training which makes character; neglect of philosophy and metaphysics which make thinkers (what need have we of thinkers?); predominance of natural sciences, which are mainly nomenclatures, over that harder intellectual training which makes leaders (why should we train leaders, being a democracy?); predominance of utilitarian subjects and manual training over history (what can we, the heirs of all the ages, learn from a dry and dusty Past?). Yes, if the incapacity of our present school and college students be taken into account, if we consider their weakness in thinking, in character, and in power of self-control, we must admit that we are educating our children up to the requirements of a socialistic or syndicalistic Utopia.

Furthermore, we are helping matters in other ways. Rousseauism in the schools goes hand in hand with Rousseauism in Art and Literature, since artist and public are alike trained to prefer an emotional naturalism to the "aristocratic" beauty of self-control. What Jean-Jacques has given us in the excesses of the Romantic school, what his ideals of aesthetics are giving us to-day, such critics as Monsieur Lasserre and our own Professor Babbitt have shown us; "Le Romantisme Français" and "The New Laokoön" will perhaps mark an epoch in the history of the ideas of the twentieth century. In our industrial civilization, where many have come to see in Art and Literature only a form of amusement or a titillation of the senses, where the excesses of certain persons have degraded the very connotation of the adjective "artistic," such books as these ought to open our eyes to the future of Art and Letters under present conditions. If critics and artists do not unite in the formulation of a more virile ideal, the whole subject of Art may find itself relegated to that feminine control which Herbert Spencer prophesied as its ultimate function. Shall we then confess that we are incapable of rising above the lower æsthetic conception — of transcending the Romantic subjection to passion and sentiment for the classical inspiration of intellectual vision?

Of course, the former conception is the first to move our sympathies. It is difficult to rise to an appreciation of the more virile elements in literature. It is difficult to discount the Romantic element,—to

hold it in a subordinate position, to keep it in control. Yet we must do it. And we need not fear that its better qualities will thereby be lost. We need not fear that Rousseau's contribution to us will be vitiated by a little anti-Rousseauism. History in all its bloody cycles, life and politics to-day, literature itself, indicate that of all the factors which control human life and human activities, passion is the one that plays in our despite the largest part. As thinkers, as observers, we may deny its predominance, we may believe ourselves immune. But our immunity ends when we cease to think. If we make a choice, if we descend from contemplation to action, it is passion, spontaneous or intellectualized, that compels us thereto. Shall it be the former type, the type for which Jean-Jacques mainly stands? Or shall we, through a judicious study of anti-Rousseauism, turn passion against itself, and give our energies, not merely to a humanitarian but also to a humanistic ideal?

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

CONVENTIONS OF LITERARY ART, the things men and women in books are represented as doing and saying in certain circumstances, are often very different from the things they really would do and say in the given circumstances. Yet how can great and soul-moving scenes be depicted without a considerable employment of these conventions, these well-understood symbols to indicate to the reader what is taking place? The older romancers made their heroines weep and swoon and go into hysterics with astonishing facility. The story required it, and to remove these manifestations of feeling would be to leave the context flat and feeble and often all but meaningless. As Mr. Arthur C. Benson points out in an article on "Realism in Fiction" in the May "Cornhill," the conscientious realist of our own time often finds himself in a dilemma between his devotion to realism and his need to give some sort of adequate expression to high emotion and profound feeling. A situation fraught with passion and sentiment of the most intense nature is often in real life chiefly remarkable for the outward calm and the perfect self-restraint of all concerned. "It is certainly my experience," says Mr. Benson, "and I should imagine the experience of everyone in England at all events, that in scenes and situations where the atmosphere is tense with emotion, the most amazing fact is the incredibly commonplace things which people say and do. In the most tragic scene which I can call to mind, the conversation was mainly about the weather; it was an intense relief to everyone present that anyone should have been sensible enough to introduce the subject." How, then, shall the realist picture and not merely describe at wearisome length and in disenchanting detail the intense situation, the moment of overwhelming passion, of prostrating grief, of ecstatic

emotion? Successfully to solve the problem, as it arises, is to demonstrate one's genius as a literary artist.

LIBRARY WORK WITH THE BOOK-HUNGRY IMMIGRANT seems not infrequently to meet with warmer appreciation and to yield more gratifying results than does similar effort bestowed upon our own people. At the Providence Public Library this work appears to be zealously and fruitfully prosecuted. In the current annual Report of the library we read: "As in previous years, the service rendered by this department is two-fold. On the one hand, it serves the readers of foreign birth and parentage who otherwise would have but scanty means of obtaining reading matter, and, on the other hand, it serves the readers of American birth and descent who would gladly make themselves familiar with the rich resources of other literatures than their own. . . . Large as is the benefit rendered by the Foreign Department in these directions, its service to the newly-arrived representative of other nationalities is even greater. In the hands of the vigilant and enterprising Custodian of the Department, Miss Reid, its work has almost risen to the level of an active philanthropic agency. . . . Some of the noteworthy features of this department are the sympathetic interest in the readers, together with the total absence of a patronizing attitude, which have always characterized its work." The making of American citizens out of the crude material so abundantly offered in our manufacturing towns may now be reckoned a part of the task likely to be imposed upon the library worker.

THE WIDENER BEQUEST TO HARVARD, being the valuable collection of rare and what may be briefly called "association" volumes—that is, books endeared by old associations and often bearing some mark to indicate these associations—comes into the possession of the Harvard library with a sad prematurity, through the death of the testator (Harry Elkins Widener) in the awful shipwreck of April 14-15. Mr. Widener, though a young man and hardly more than started in his labor of love as a book-collector, had already gathered a library unsurpassed in its way by any similar collection. Among its treasures are mentioned Shakespeare folios, and autograph or otherwise valuable copies of books by Dickens, Cowper, Browning, Charlotte Brontë, Byron, and Robert Louis Stevenson, the Stevensoniana being especially noteworthy. Some of the latter, including, it is reported, the original manuscript of Stevenson's fragment of autobiography, were lost in the disaster that cost their owner his life. The first Hoe sale had greatly enriched the collection, and further sales of the same great library, as also the important forthcoming auction sales of other famous libraries, would doubtless have left in Mr. Widener's hands a large number of literary treasures to add to his store. By the terms of the will, the collection is to go to Harvard when the university shall have made proper provision for the

care of the precious bequest. If this clause hastens the erection of a new building to take the place of old Gore Hall, Mr. Widener will have rendered a double service to Harvard and to the larger world of letters.

THE LITERARY NEEDS OF THE MANY must often conflict with the scholarly demands of the few in that work of purveying to the reading public which constitutes the never-ending and often perplexing task of the free library. A significant passage at the opening of the twenty-second annual Report of the Minneapolis Public Library is of interest in this connection. "Before entering upon the details of this report," says the librarian, "we wish to speak of a criticism, more or less just, which has been passed upon the work of the library. All criticisms are welcomed, and many of them are valuable. This particular criticism, in brief, charges that the library, in attempting to reach the many in a large extension policy, has somewhat overlooked or neglected the needs of the more scholarly. It is true that in building up new branches, and in opening numerous stations and factory libraries, much of the book fund has been consumed in the purchase of standard literature and duplicate materials. The extension work has certainly crowded upon the more scholarly side of the library. The purchase of expensive works and those attracting but a limited number of readers has been often postponed until these titles could be obtained at a cheaper rate. The criticism is well taken, and it is to be regretted that the book fund will not stretch any farther." The wise policy of the greatest good to the greatest number will always, and unavoidably, cause some discontent among the cultured few, for the public library is and should ever remain a democratic rather than an aristocratic institution.

AN OBVIOUS MISPRINT in an otherwise perfect bit of poetry or prose always tempts the nicely critical reader to note the correction in the margin rather than run the risk of letting the error jar and confuse a succession of subsequent readers. In Browning's poem "The Worst of It" the sixth stanza is printed in all the editions, so far as we know, as follows:

"And I to have tempted you! I, who tried  
Your soul, no doubt, till it sank! Unwise,  
I loved, and was lowly, loved and aspired,  
Loved, grieving or glad, till I made you mad,  
And you meant to have hated and despised—  
Whereas, you deceived me nor inquired!"

Now, as in all the other eighteen stanzas of the poem the first, third, and sixth lines are made to rhyme—except in the second, where it is the first, third, and fifth that rhyme—one feels it a wanton blemish that here alone the rhyme should be spoiled when by simply transposing the *r* and *i* of "tried" both rhyme and sense are restored. Browning's syntax may at times be labyrinthine, and his metre now and then jolty; but when he essays rhymed verse he is not so poor in resource as to be forced to content himself with so imperfect a consonance as that here noted. Accordingly it is with some satisfaction that we find

a writer in the London "Telegraph" describing an interview with the poet in which the latter, on having his attention called to the passage, cried, with "delighted laughter,"—"Why, of course! It ought to be 'tired'—the rhyme is obvious enough. And nobody ever saw it before!"

ONE METHOD OF BOOK-SELECTION is to pick the volumes one most hungers for, let the critics and the connoisseurs say what they will. Another way is to follow blindly and slavishly the judgment of some one or more recognized authorities. An unexpected employment of the second method comes to public notice in the mention made by Mr. George W. Smalley (in his just-published second series of "Anglo-American Memories") of the library at Skibo Castle. It appears that in this collection of the famous founder of libraries for the people "there are some five-and-twenty thousand volumes, all chosen by the late Lord Acton." "What could be more stimulating," continues Mr. Smalley, "than to look over the collection of books which Lord Acton had thought suitable as a library for Mr. Carnegie? You saw the meeting of two minds, each highly remarkable and as unlike as it was possible for two minds to be." At any rate, this method of furnishing one's house with a ready-made library is preferable to that sometimes resorted to by the excessively wealthy,—the indiscriminate purchase of absurdly costly and notoriously worthless subscription books and sets of books. Better than that, because less wasteful of money and less encouraging of humbug, is it to fill one's shelves with book-shaped blocks of wood, handsomely backed and tooled and lettered. Then when the evil day comes and the price of coal soars, you will still have a good supply of excellent and well-seasoned fuel.

WEAR AND TEAR IN A LARGE LIBRARY, an energetic, up-to-date library that does its best to serve the community maintaining it, necessarily amounts to a good deal each year in terms of dollars and cents. For example, the Brooklyn Public Library, as indicated in its current Report, discarded last year worn-out volumes to the number of nearly thirty thousand, or more than half as many as were added in the same time; and in the last ten years one hundred and sixty-nine thousand volumes have been sent to the rubbish heap. This last number is not far from one-quarter of the total number of books in the library, and indicates a commendable (though costly) vigilance in keeping the collection in good dress-parade order. The question of durable binding is an important one in this connection, and a statement from the assistant librarian in the same Report emphasizes the superior quality of work done by the Chivers Bookbinding Company in rebinding and oversewing. Expenditure for replacement has been reduced by employing the services of this company, and the money thus saved has been used in buying new books. But after all care and economy has been exercised on the public library's part, the public



itself is still lamentably thoughtless and ungentle in its handling of the books provided for its enjoyment. No volume needs to be gripped by the reader as if its two halves were the two handles of a plough, nor does it respond kindly to such rude buffeting as one might give to a football.

THE STRENGTH AND THE WEAKNESS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES, as pointed out by one whom we have already more than once quoted in these columns, Professor Murray of Oxford, were thus expressed in an alleged interview shortly before the English scholar's departure from our shores. "The features of the American universities which particularly impressed me," are his reported words, "were their excellent libraries, the swift effectiveness with which they punish or drop men who do not pass examinations, and the vivid, vigorous spirit which colors and animates the whole of their university life." He deplored the excessive addiction to athletic contests and other distractions, as also the recent rapid decline of classical study. "Deep decay has eaten into the study of the classics in America," he declared, "and there is widespread consciousness of it. The decay is in part due to Dr. Eliot's policy at Harvard. He abolished compulsory Greek. It was an experiment which should have been tried in a laboratory less noble than Harvard." While he cannot but admire the general effectiveness of the training sought by the average energetic American, he thinks the time has come "which demands deeper, more solid, and therefore slower, education."

HUMORS OF THE BOOK-AUCTION ROOM ought to furnish some industrious compiler with material for a highly entertaining volume. Among recent curious happenings of interest to the purchaser of autographs, there comes from the auction rooms of the Anderson Company, where the library of the late historian Lossing has been passing under the hammer, the story of the unheard-of prices commanded by two letters of Colonel Zebulon Butler, of Revolutionary fame, and especially associated in history with the so-called Massacre of Wyoming. The letters in question were rated at about eight and ten dollars apiece, the brave Zebulon not being by any means a star of the first magnitude in the autographic firmament. But when they were put up at auction they amazed all beholders by bringing four hundred and sixty and five hundred and fifty-five dollars respectively. The reason for this furious bidding was later found to be the fact that two descendants of Andrew Adams, to whom the letters were addressed, had given each an unlimited order for the letters to an agent, a different agent in each case, with no expectation of any active counter-bidding from any quarter.

THE INCREASING GLUT OF THE BOOK-MARKET, the large preponderance of quantity over quality in the wares offered, must sooner or later compel a halt in the recklessly rapid production of printed matter. A writer in the London "Daily News" who signs

himself "A British Publisher" recognizes the harm that is being done to the trade by an over-production that in the last decade has mounted by leaps and bounds beyond all precedent. From the five thousand new English works issued in 1901 to the eight thousand five hundred of the last calendar year is a long stride, and ruinously in excess of any increase in demand during the same period. With the larger book-production the profit on any one work tends to diminish, and so, to make up for this diminution, the publisher is tempted to make his output still more disproportionate to the demand—a policy obviously leading to ruin if persisted in. Manifestly, a general agreement among publishers to adopt a policy of restriction is what is needed. But who is to bring about this agreement or enforce its terms after it has been adopted? Like many other evils, this one of over-production is sure to correct itself, more or less crudely and clumsily and imperfectly, in the course of time; but a more speedy and effective and less ruinously expensive remedy is earnestly to be desired.

ACTIVITIES OF THE A. L. A. PUBLISHING BOARD, an organization formed in 1886 (ten years after the founding of the American Library Association itself) "to further coöperation among libraries in preparing and publishing bibliographies, indexes, and special catalogues," are thus far responsible for the issue of between eighty and ninety publications in book or pamphlet form, of which about sixty are at present in print. Mr. Henry E. Legler, librarian of the Chicago Public Library, is chairman of the board, and Mr. George B. Utley secretary. It is from a recently published statement of the latter that we learn how beneficently and unselfishly active the board has been in the quarter-century since its formation. The well-known "A. L. A. Catalogue" and "A. L. A. Index to General Literature" and "A. L. A. Portrait Index" are among the most valuable publications of the board; and it now has in preparation a work that will be not less useful in its way to those whom it primarily concerns. It is a manual of library economy, each chapter written by a specialist in his particular department of library work, and will contain about twenty-six chapters, ten of which have already been issued as separate pamphlets. The editorship is vested in a special committee whose chairman is Mr. J. I. Wyer, Jr., Director of the New York State Library.

THE AWARD OF A FRENCH LITERARY PRIZE of ten thousand francs to M. André Lafon for his piece of fiction entitled "L'Elève Gilles" is announced in Paris. It is the Grand Literary Prize offered regularly by the French Academy for the best work of imagination and inspiration produced within the preceding two years. The committee of award at first favored the recognition of some acknowledged writer of talent rather than the crowning of any single brilliant production of an unknown hand; but this naturally led to interminable discussions and dissensions, with the intermixture of personal prejudices and

animosities. Consequently, as has often happened before and will often happen again in such elections, the choice of a "dark horse" was forced upon the electors; and M. Lafon proves this time to be the lucky man. Not that it is all luck, however, for a sufficiently trustworthy authority pronounces "L'Elève Gilles" to be "simple et très profond." But we are still far from being assured that as a spur to genius the literary prize of so-and-so many francs or dollars or ducats is really productive of works destined to live, or that even the most carefully selected professional critics can discern the qualities that are likely to ensure this immortality.

AN AGREEABLE INNOVATION, among other agreeable experiences encountered in Boston by our late English visitor, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and noted by him in his contribution to the current issue of "Harper's Magazine," was the nature of the reading matter he found awaiting him in his hotel room. He says: "When I got to the entirely admirable hotel I found a book in a prominent situation on the writing table in my room. In many hotels this book would have been the Bible. But here it was the catalogue of the hotel library; it ran to 182 pages. On the other hand, there was no bar in the hotel, and no smoking-room. I make no comments; I draw no conclusions; I state the facts." It is safe to say, that the number of hotels in England, or indeed in all Europe, that have their own libraries and their own printed catalogues of their libraries could be counted on the fingers of one hand, with not far from five fingers left over after the enumeration; and this, of course, is only one small item in the splendid story of the growth and spread of the library idea in America as compared with its less general and rapid extension in the Old World.

A GLIMPSE OF SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND is easily to be had this summer by the Londoner or the visitor to London. At the Earl's Court Exhibition Grounds, between South Kensington and West Brompton, is to be seen a realistic though somewhat jumbled-together reproduction of the streets and houses of Elizabethan London, the market place at Exeter, the Salisbury Cross, the main street of Lynton, the old Globe Theatre of Shakespeare fame, the Fortune Theatre for sixteenth-century dances and music, Shakespeare's bookstall, Ann Hathaway's cottage, Plymouth Harbor with the battleship "Revenge" riding proudly at anchor, and other sights of long ago—all called into being from the irrevocable past by the zeal and munificence of Mrs. Cornwallis West in aid of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Fund.

"THE EDINBURGH REVIEW" UNDER NEW EDITORSHIP, the seventh editorship since Francis Jeffrey held sway at the founding of the celebrated Liberal quarterly a century and a decade ago, will consistently maintain, announce the publishers, the principles advocated by the "Edinburgh" from the beginning. Its traditions, continues the announce-

ment, "have been to inculcate a sane and individualist Liberalism, and under its new editor the 'Review' will be as strongly opposed to democratic tyranny and democratic corruption as it was in the early years of the nineteenth century to the tyranny and corruption of an aristocracy. It will continue to defend the unity of the kingdom and to advocate those principles of personal liberty and personal responsibility from which Liberalism should never be divorced. . . . Every endeavour will be made to maintain the reputation of the Review for fair-minded and tolerant criticism in literature and art, and in the future, as in the past, cordial welcome will always be given to new ideas and new movements for the advancement of the nation." The new editor is Mr. Harold Cox, and the next number will be the first to enjoy the benefit of his editorial skill.

ONE TEST OF LITERARY QUALITY, easy to apply, was brought to the attention of the American Booksellers' Association, at its late convention in New York, by Mr. E. W. Mumford, of the Penn Publishing Company. The subject of his thoughtful and admirable address was "Juvenile Readers as an Asset," and he spoke an energetic word for raising the standard of children's books handled by the dealers—that is, for wiser discrimination on the bookseller's part in selecting his juvenile stock. The coöperation of parents is necessary in this toning up of the book-market, and one way in which they can make their children ashamed of a low taste in story-books is to make them read some of the trash aloud. "One boy," said Mr. Mumford, "was cured of the dime novel habit by making him read out loud. He was really ashamed to give open expression to its improbabilities and cheap heroics. The glamor of many a modern juvenile would fade under this test."

## COMMUNICATION.

### LIBRARY BORROWERS AND CIRCULATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Concerning your recent paragraph on the number of borrowers according to the population of a town, may I be allowed to suggest that statistics of borrowers which do not also include the statistics of circulation do not mean much? I have in mind a library which reports over 14,000 borrowers and a circulation of less than 70,000 books, while other libraries with less than 8,000 borrowers circulate nearly 80,000 books. Why borrowers if they do not borrow?

The only difference can be that in the former case the list of borrowers has not been revised for years, and is no doubt many times the actual number of active borrowers; while in the latter case, the list is kept more nearly down to the real number.

It is true that "statistics have a bad reputation," and in perhaps no other field do they often mean so little as in that of the library.

ELLA F. CORWIN,

Librarian, Elkhart-Carnegie Public Library.

Elkhart, Ind., June 5, 1912.

### The New Books.

#### TALKS ON FAMOUS ETCHERS.\*

It might be supposed that a book on Etchings forming a part of "The Connoisseur's Library" would give a clear and comprehensive account of the etching process and the cognate processes of dry-point and aquatint, would then deal with the beauties and limitations of the results obtainable by their employment, and place before the reader descriptions of the noteworthy achievements of the artists who have used them successfully, furnishing also lists of the most highly esteemed plates and indicating in each instance the preferable state. Apparently, however, Sir Frederick Wedmore's conception is that the series to which he contributes aims not so much to educate connoisseurs as to entertain them; so he considers it needless to attempt to tell the reader "what constitutes a good Etching in the abstract" or "what subjects and what moods this particular Art favours." Instead he tells what he thinks of the best-known practitioners of the art.

Personality rather than performance is what interests Sir Frederick most. This book is more about etchers than etchings. It is made up of informal discourse in a rambling and jerky style, abounding in many parentheses. The following extract is characteristic, though it contains only two instances of the extraordinary use of capitals that the author affects. He speaks of Mr. William Strang.

"Strang has been extraordinarily prolific. Hundreds of plates—landscapes and figure pieces, allegory and realism—have been chronicled by Mr. Laurence Binyon—a grave, noteworthy personality: a serious thoughtful student—in just such a volume as it is apparently at present (witness, for instance, the vast book which displays the performances of Mr. Brangwyn) the fondest aim of the ambitious, pertinacious Etcher to know is in existence about him. Far am I from saying that amongst those hundreds of pieces—amongst these 'many inventions'—there are not numerous examples of Mr. Strang's capacity to entertain visions of Beauty. His dreams—that come to him so constantly: that come nearly as easily as words do to a Welshman—his dreams are really not quite all of them nightmares."

The caustic tone of these remarks is exceptional. For the most part the work of the several artists whom the author passes in review is looked upon with an indulgent eye. There is a constant effort to find as much as possible to praise. Occasionally he bestows dubious compliments,—as when he prefaces an appreciation of the work of Axel

Haig by saying he will speak of him "with perhaps no accent of personal enthusiasm, but with a measure of respect that is not invariably accorded him." In strong contrast to this is his warm commendation of a "little Set" of etchings by Veyrassat, which he does not hesitate to classify as "some of the most distinguished *croquis* wrought in all the years since men have etched." Whistler he is sure would have put his name to them with satisfaction.

Hesitation in expressing opinion is not one of Sir Frederick's shortcomings. Nevertheless he discreetly avoids committing himself upon difficult matters of connoisseurship,—as in the case of the etchings formerly attributed to Rembrandt but now regarded as of doubtful origin. The deft way in which he dodges the questions raised by these etchings is amusing. He admits that "It is necessary of course, in writing about Rembrandt or in studying him, to take account of this matter. But it would be a mistake here to pursue it in detail." Hence

"We have moved, in this chapter, where we were entitled to move—among accepted pieces. We were entitled because it is very seldom, in the case of any master, that the *chefs d'œuvre*, and those that are in line with the *chefs d'œuvre*, and therefore fit in any way to be remotely compared with them, are questioned at all. As a rule, the critic who is busy with doubtful attributions, is busy with the second-rate."

The longest chapters in the book are those devoted to Rembrandt and Whistler, twelve pages being accorded to one and a few lines more than that space to the other. The inadequacy of this to give anything like a comprehensive view of the work of either of these artists is so obvious that it savors of supererogation to point it out. What should be said of an appreciation of Rembrandt as an etcher that fails to make any mention of such important plates as "The Three Trees" or "The Death of the Virgin"? It can scarcely be that the author does not find these works interesting. Yet he professes to give a brief chronological survey of the master's achievement in this special field, and he assigns dates with a confidence that a more careful student would find difficulty in sharing. His assertion that "It was not till 1651 that we get the first of the nude women," is a case in point.

In the main the author's estimates of the artistic worth of the etchings he sees fit to name are well considered. Few discriminating connoisseurs, for example, would question his rating of the "Clement de Jonghe" as the greatest of Rembrandt's etched portraits. But when he transforms Whistler's comment upon it into a glorification of Tintoretto the reader may well

\* ETCHINGS. By Frederick Wedmore. Illustrated. "The Connoisseur's Library." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



be amazed. This is Sir Frederick's version of Mr. Whistler's statement:

"And yet more interesting is it to be assured, as we have been lately assured, on evidence irrefutable, of how Whistler regarded it. He praised not often, but of this, what he said was, 'Without flaw: beautiful as a canvas by Tintoret—beyond which there is nothing.'"

Whistler, like other men, may have had sins to answer for, but he never could have made a statement so palpably absurd as this. What he did say was inscribed by him and signed with the butterfly signature upon the mount of a marvellous impression of the third state (according to Dutuit's classification) of the "Clement de Jonghe," now in a Chicago collection:

"Without flaw!—Beautiful as a Greek marble or a canvas by Tintoret.

"A masterpiece in all its elements—beyond which there is nothing."

This and Sir Frederick's distorted version, it will be perceived, are as wide apart as the poles. It is a pity that the incorrect statement should be given currency by being printed in a volume of an important series and vouched for "on evidence irrefutable" by an author so well known as Sir Frederick Wedmore.

The chapters dealing with other etchers are quite as cursory as the one about Rembrandt. That concerning Whistler is merely "a little sketch-map" of his career as an etcher. In mentioning Mr. Howard Mansfield's "Catalogue of Whistler's Etchings and Dry-Points," to which he accords generous praise, and the illustrated catalogue issued by the Grolier Club, the author questions the advisability of "the multiplication of States" that they encourage, and says "It is possible—it seems to me—to be too elaborate for lucidity—too intricate for practical convenience." Yet in commenting upon the "Clement de Jonghe" he remarks that "Little changes unimportant to mention, but not unimportant to avoid, have caused deterioration in the second" state of the print. How, it may be asked, is the collector to know about these differences if they are not to be mentioned?

Apparently Sir Frederick Wedmore has attempted in this volume to do again what Hamerton accomplished in his "Etching and Etchers." In a way he has brought that work down to date, though without Hamerton's literary skill and charm of style; and he overlooks some of our best American etchers, such as Charles A. Platt, J. Alden Weir, and Cadwalader Washburn. To have written a volume of two hundred and thirty pages upon a technical subject and put in so very little information

is, after all, something of a feat. Yet it furnishes agreeable reading, and the forty-four excellent reproductions of notable etchings make the book worth having.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

#### A RATIONAL VIEW OF THE SUPERNATURAL.\*

It seemed inevitable that sooner or later such a book as Mr. Tuckett's "The Evidence for the Supernatural" would come to be written,—that once the tidal wave of mysticism spread by the precipitate conclusions of "Psychic Researchers" had spent its force and inundated defenceless positions, the sturdy common sense characteristic of Huxley's countrymen would assert itself. That the critical review when it came should be so thorough in execution, so broad in treatment, so acceptable in form and content, is a cause for congratulation in the rationalistic camp. The author's misgiving that his sub-title would lay him open to the charge of egotism may be readily dismissed; it is not the least of the merits of the book that it shows so clearly the necessity of trained judgment and the saturation of the inquiring mind with the saving grace of logical rectitude, sustained in turn by psychological insight, for a safe conduct through the tangled thickets from which so many a traveller returns with strange tales and stranger beliefs.

Mr. Tuckett, among whose titles of distinction is that of Senior Demonstrator of Physiology in Cambridge University, upholds the traditions of his scientific fraternity with a directness of purpose reflected in simple and effective address. He conveys a sense of mastery of his material that is indeed sufficiently "uncommon" to deserve favorable mention. With the dissector's sense of structure he manages to strip each subject of its enshrouding envelopes of acquired prejudice and confusion, and to deal directly with the flesh-and-blood reality underlying the presentable argument. In many hands this treatment might readily lead to a charge of irreverence, for the subjects of the dissection involve the intimate facts of our being and destiny about which cherished beliefs and hallowed views have been built up. Mr. Tuckett's consideration is at once calm and sympathetic; his knife is applied to save, not to injure. The personal candor which pervades the whole disarms criticism and compels attention.

\* THE EVIDENCE FOR THE SUPERNATURAL. A Critical Study Made with "Uncommon Sense." By IVOR LI. TUCKETT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The treatment is broad, though suggestive. It considers three orders of inquiry: first, the inherent logic of vexed issues, the nature of truth and evidence, the psychological prejudices and logical pit-falls that beset the procedure through which intellectual emancipation is achieved; second, the examination of the problems of "Psychical Research" and the proposed conclusions favoring a supernatural interpretation of this type of occurrence; third, the parallel survey of the supernatural beliefs espoused by dominant religions. To this is added, by way of constructive compensation, a lucid statement of the agnostic position, offering food for all, irrespective of philosophy or religious belief. A series of appendices gives confirmatory data and citations, and gives an analytical review of Mrs. Piper's revelational (or inquisitional) sittings which is quite the best diagnosis yet put forth of this illusive and defiant candidate for supernatural honors.

It would be comforting to believe that the mid-Victorian illumination of the logic of science had done its work so thoroughly that the fruits thereof would become the natural heritage of succeeding generations. Yet despite the reinforced contributions of Mill, Lewes, Lecky, Huxley, Clifford, Morley, White, and others in brilliant succession, it would appear that the lesson must be set anew to each generation, almost for each situation; the personal element is so insistent that vicarious experience carries but a feeble moral. The fundamental clue to the reason why men and women of ordinary and extraordinary sturdiness of mind go wrong in the alluring purlieus of "Psychical Research" remains a logical one. Truth and evidence seem objective enough; and with charted seas, light-houses, and compass, it would appear that anyone with common sense and a fair experience could steer a sea-worthy vessel safely to port. Yet the frailty of human reasoning is writ large on every page of history; and the fall of man through partaking of the tree of too little knowledge is quite as truly the story of logical as of moral imperfection. We talk glibly of the prejudices, as of the superstitions, of our ancestors and of our neighbors; and we realize these forces, for the most part, sincerely, tolerantly, and understandingly. But bias spreads its roots tenaciously in the sub-soil, conditioning growth in a way not revealed on the surface. There seems, too, a peculiar atmosphere of the seance chamber hostile to lucid rationality. Even men of large intellectual calibre and trained judgment seem to lose or drop the segis of their armament when

confronted with a "medium" claiming transcendental powers and strangely violating, while professedly conforming to, the rules of scientific procedure. Mr. Tuckett's chapters on "Truth and Evidence" are highly pertinent. They are addressed to "the man-in-the-street," and though intended for home consumption will safely bear exportation to kindred communities.

Modern Spiritualism, an American product of lowly origin, represents the leit-motif in the movement of "Psychical Research." This is significant; for its affiliations are ancient, with varied and rich development among primitive peoples. This cultural connection is well brought out by Mr. Tuckett, who cites parallels in the beliefs, practice, and conclusions among unenlightened devotees to the most recent soberly recorded message from the beyond. The presence of scientific instruments, a stenographic record, and the academic credentials of the sitters fail to obscure the resemblance. The hypothesis finds its complement and its rival in telepathy, which is the scientific formulation of the power to transcend ordinary limitations of sense; its cultural analogue is the belief in second-sight (clairvoyance) of favored individuals. The argument when stated statistically seems to carry conclusion with the sacredness attaching to numbers; but the qualities ascribed to them as reinforcements of beliefs aroused and cherished by quite other considerations are no less subjective, however radically unlike the mystical ascriptions of the most devout Pythagoreans of Hellenic or mediæval cast of mind. Mr. Tuckett subjects the evidence for telepathy to a critical analysis. It all comes back to a sense of logical solidarity; knowledge is limited, but the temper to which it yields is abundantly manifest. The universe is imperfectly known; but the dominant trend of its phenomena forms a goodly and after all a fairly consistent bit of doctrine. Shall we modestly recognize the manifold gaps in our constantly revised system, or shall we peer through these openings for strange light that shines not on sea or land of our accredited domain? Professor James was wont to regard the answer as determined by our sense of the dramatic possibilities. Mr. Tuckett finds in the *dossier* of the case a great contribution to the psychology of bias.

At first sight a relation between the argument for telepathy and for the efficacy of prayer seems strange. Granted the preliminaries of Mr. Tuckett's position and the logical analogy follows, and leads naturally to the discussion of miracles, which has always occupied the centre

of the stage in the drama of the supernatural. The spirit of the inquiry is here broadened. Logical value gives way to psychological interest; for prayer and miracles become "varieties of religious experience" in the sense familiarized by James. These we may project upon a foreign background, and thus withdraw undue attention from the veridical features, while observing their common function of ministering to spiritual satisfaction and the generic features of psychological conformity to type which such experiences present despite contrasts of setting and alien habits of mind. Here, too, pathology of the mind enters; hallucinations have taken the guise of revelations; abnormal susceptibility may be associated with the possession of alleged supernormal powers. The inclusive query remains: Why may not the comprehension of the manifestations grouped about prayer and miracles, and the tendency to credit supernatural powers of revelation, proceed by mutual illumination? The spirit of the drama is quite independent of the stage setting; interests and their expression exert a mutual influence upon one another, yet reveal similarity of source and appeal in and through the diversity of culture.

Whether or not investigations in "Psychical Research" can or should influence one's attitude towards experiences most conveniently called spiritual, towards a group of beliefs that have always attracted the interests of men, towards the conception of the universe, and the bearing of science upon the conduct of life, is a question which Mr. Tuckett includes within the scope of his survey. He sets forth the foundations of the agnostic position, and compares its offerings—even to the concreteness of parallel columns—with those of more positive religious faiths. The spirit of tolerance has so far triumphed that such argument proceeds nowadays with mutual respect of rival protagonists and a relieving absence of suggestions of moral lapse. There is no doubt that philosophical inclinations have now an easier approach to a respectful hearing than in the days when heresy was a convenient charge for an uncongenial position. With this increased privilege comes the obligation and opportunity to achieve an intellectual conformity of thought and sympathy that is characteristically modern, even recent, and which in turn determines the manner of interest in, and the attitude towards, the significance and bearing of "Psychical Research." Views are not so much refuted as outgrown. Mr. Tuckett's volume is at once a factor and an aid in this consummation.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

#### BASSETT'S LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON.\*

The appearance of the *Life of Andrew Jackson*, upon which Professor John Spencer Bassett of Smith College has long been engaged, gratifies the expectant reader. Based upon a painstaking examination of the voluminous manuscript papers of President Jackson, this work, more nearly than any of its numerous predecessors, intimately and justly portrays the character of one of the most remarkable of Americans.

In the first volume Professor Bassett traces Jackson's career from his birth (as to which he accepts Jackson's own belief that he was born in South Carolina) through the oppressed boyhood of the Revolutionary period, the youthful shiftings in North and South Carolina, the early duelling and judging and Indian fighting, the rise to fame in military affairs, the crowning glory of New Orleans, and the evolution of the frontier general into a presidential candidate. This volume closes with the election of 1824; thus there is left for the second volume the campaign against Adams, the two presidential terms, and the declining years, to Jackson's death, in 1845, at the age of seventy-eight. When one compares the periods of time allotted to the respective volumes,—fifty-seven years to the first and twenty-one to the second, it would seem hard to suggest a fairer division; yet the second volume leaves one with the sense of compression, as if the story had been hurriedly brought to a close. This feeling involves not so much the details of the life, for these are kept before one to the end. The relation which Jackson, as the central figure, bore to the purely political phase of the period could hardly be presented in better proportion. The account of the rivalry with Calhoun and the struggle with Clay is masterly. It is to the deeper economic and social forces which Jackson represented that one wishes the author might have given more space. It is indeed attempted, and with all success, to give summaries of the problems of Jackson's administrations,—the craze for internal improvements, the difficulties of the system of finance and banking, the friction in Indian relations and in foreign relations, the conflict as to the proper policy in the administration of the public lands. But Jackson's own relation to the questions which his administration brought before him, and his own point of view as determined or strongly influenced by the experience of his own State, might, in the opinion of the reviewer, be more clearly brought out.

\*THE LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. By John Spencer Bassett. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.



Thus, as to the problem of the public lands, it was Tennessee that educated Thomas Hart Benton to be the exponent of the views of the frontier. As to the banks, it was Tennessee (as Professor Sumner, in his book on Jackson, did not fail to observe) in which Jackson stormed at the first "relief" bank of this section of the Mississippi Valley, declaring his distrust of all banks. Again, in connection with the story of Georgia and the Cherokees, is it not worth noting that the Cherokee country extended into Tennessee as well as into Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina, and that *after* John Marshall's decision in *Worcester vs. Georgia*, a law was passed in Tennessee to extend the jurisdiction of the State over the Indians, and a test case carried through the highest courts of the State to a decision adverse to that of Marshall: while the Chief Justice of Tennessee who rendered this decision was soon promoted to the Supreme Court of the United States by the nomination of Andrew Jackson? In treating of the policy of Jackson towards the Indians, Professor Bassett indeed says: "Jackson, however, had a Western man's view of the Indian question. He showed it by a determination to appoint a Westerner secretary of war." He might have added, — and the addition, we believe, would be enlightening, — that the whole cohort of Tennesseans in Washington was set at work to accomplish the "Western" policy. In the House of Representatives, John Bell was made the chairman of the committee on Indian relations; in the Senate, in the similar chairmanship, Hugh Lawson White led the administration's forces. Strangely enough, of all the Tennessee delegation it was only the typical and eccentric backwoodsman, David Crockett, already at odds with Jackson, who arose to plead the cause of the poor Indian.

But we recognize that Professor Bassett has undertaken to write a life of Jackson, not a history of his times. For what he has done he is entitled to the warmest praise. We have found but few errors of fact. In the first volume, two may be noted. On page 25, it is stated that "By an act of May 26, 1790, congress organized the country between the Ohio and the present states of Alabama and Mississippi as 'The Territory of the United States Southwest of the River Ohio.'" This statement is incorrect: Kentucky was admitted to the Union as a district of Virginia, and was never ceded to the United States, as North Carolina had ceded the Tennessee country. Again, page 28, it is argued that the position of representa-

tive in Congress was reserved by the leaders for Jackson because he was strong with the people and this was "a single office which depended on the suffrages of all the people." On the contrary, the governor was elected by popular vote. In this respect the Tennessee constitution of 1796 made a notable advance over that of the mother-state, North Carolina.

The work is embellished with reproductions of the Sully, Healy, Carter, and Earl portraits of the General, and others of a daguerreotype by Adams and a miniature by Vallée. There are also reproductions of a drawing of the Hermitage and an engraving of a miniature of Mrs. Jackson by Anna C. Peale. There are two maps, one illustrating Jackson's operations in the Creek country and around Mobile in 1813-1814, and the other the movements of the armies around New Orleans. The printing is for the most part well done. Somewhat unusually, and perhaps to the confusion of those who may wish to refer to the work, the paging is carried consecutively through the two volumes.

ST. GEORGE L. SIOUSSAT.

#### A NEW STUDY OF POETRY.\*

Professor Jack, the author of a brilliant study of the poetry of Shelley, has of course long since won his spurs in the lists of criticism. In his new volume on "Poetry and Prose" he discusses the work of some seven poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with the fundamental purpose of demonstrating how these poets illustrate the description of poetry with which his volume opens.

Mr. Jack is too sensible to undertake an exact definition of poetry. The most he attempts to do is to describe it. Perhaps one may best characterize his attitude by saying that he resolutely exalts the mood of the poet.

"Prose is the language of cool reason, Poetry that of ecstasy. It follows that Prose is the language of speech, normal, without rhythm, balanced, like a highway road, a straight line, a stick, the sentences coming to an end and joining into one another imperceptibly; and that Poetry is the language of song, at least of rhythm — for utterance, when excited, takes to itself a rhythmic quality. Poetry is what man utters when he loses his balance, his normality — the high and low notes of emotion."

Acceptance of this doctrine of course depends on the sense which we are willing to attach to the words "ecstasy" and "loss of balance or normality." Taken in the ordinary sense, it seems to us

\* *POETRY AND PROSE. Being Essays on Modern English Poetry.* By Adolphus Alfred Jack. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

that they present an extreme view of the poetic mood. But compare it now with this passage a little further on:

"Prose is *Is*, the ever-present fact, to-day; Poetry, in love with yesterday and to-morrow, flies to the cool night and away from noon—to the cool night with its silences and the riddle of the unnumbered stars. Prose deals with things as they are—school, marriage, wills, dress, law, civilisation, order and degree. Poetry is occupied with the bases of these—birth, love, and death, human passions, men."

From this it appears that it is not so much with the non-normal as with the commonplace that prose has to deal. It is perhaps unfortunate that Mr. Jack uses the word normal in this sense. For the usual, or common, and the normal are not necessarily identical; and to say that the poetic mood is not as normal to man as the mood of prose is inexact and misleading. The last two sentences of the quotation, too, seem to us unfortunate, since they tend to draw attention to the material with which the poet deals. It is not, however, the matter but the mood that counts. To accept Mr. Jack's words literally would compel one to rule out poems like Spenser's "Epithalamion" and the conclusion of "In Memoriam," as well as such lines as

"Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die."

Likewise this, which is surely not the least poetic stanza of "The Palace of Art":

"And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd  
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,  
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,  
A haunt of ancient Peace."

Of course Mr. Jack means nothing of the kind. What he does mean, as we infer from his context, is that in a general way school, while it lasts, is a prosaic, not to say distasteful, matter; that marriage, when it suggests merely settlements and household economies, is likewise incapable of arousing the poetic fervor.

We follow our author more readily when he says that "the use of the poetic imagination communicates an ideal pleasure, a pleasure derived ultimately from the realization by the soul of its own freedom in regard to the world." Or, as one might put it, poetry is the voice of the infinite in man.

Mr. Jack now takes up some of the kinds of poetry, and first the poetry of the young man and of the mature man. By the poetry of maturity he means that which "is concerned immediately with the feeling itself and is occupied solely in expressing the feeling as felt. . . . Some experience comes to the poet and he reverberates with a sympathetic cry." The most concrete instance

of this he finds to be Wordsworth's lines on the death of Lucy:

"A slumber did my spirit seal;  
I had no human fears:  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.  
  
"No motion has she now, no force;  
She neither hears nor sees:  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Perhaps impressions are of no great consequence, but it seems to us that these lines are distinctly the work of a young man; it may be recalled that Wordsworth wrote them at twenty-nine. We grant that the first six lines are a simple and "perfect" expression of the vital contrasted with the inanimate; but what of the last two lines? Is not this the thought of a young man, who is not expressing the naked feeling that the loss of Lucy brings? The thought of earth's diurnal course is an intellectual concept, a matter of science. The young man, then, is not so far from the "normal" but that he thinks of this fact and connects Lucy's remains with other revolving objects.\* And (though this is aside from the main question) is it not after all a poor way of characterizing inanimity, for do not the living revolve with the dead? We will only add that if the two lines be justified by Wordsworthians on the ground of their being emotion recollected in tranquillity, then the expression of such emotion is to us not convincing.

The poetry of the young, Mr. Jack believes to be that in which the expression is less deeply controlled by the emotion; it is "the rhapsody of appreciation. The young poet is more alive than any other young man, though all young men are more alive than mature men to the beauty and charm of colour, glory of sight, delight of scent, which is in the world, as also he is more alive to the delicate ecstasies of newly awakened feeling." To illustrate this the author quotes from Keats and from Shakespeare's early plays. But unfortunately for his nomenclature, he admits that we occasionally find the same sort of thing in Shakespeare's later plays. Would it not be better, then, instead of distinguishing between the poetry of maturity and that of immaturity, to say that the difference is not so much of kind as of the degree to which the emotion controls the expression?

\* Compare Tennyson's

"Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,  
That grief hath shaken into frost."

the effect of which is similar, because it is an invasion by science into the domain of poetry.

Mr. Jack is quite right in saying that "poetry is not description, it is sympathetic emotion." A passage is poetical to the degree in which the description, brief or prolonged, rises out of and conveys, with sustained effect, the emotion of the poet. There must be a unity of impression; a poem, long or short, must impress us as a whole. Sometimes, however, "the impression is not poetical, as in 'The Ring and the Book,' and this is because the whole, allowing for surprising spurts of emotion, is the result of an intellectual process."

To discuss this passage leads us into a large question. Is "The Ring and the Book" a poem? Is it poetical in its effect? Applying the rigorous standard propounded by Mr. Jack, we must answer in the negative. Only in spots does the poet come anywhere near the poetic madness posited by Mr. Jack's description. Yet we cannot believe that this is quite conclusive. For it must be borne in mind that "The Ring and the Book" is a dramatic poem. Except in the prologue and the conclusion, the poet is depicting not his own state of mind and feeling but that of nine other persons, namely, three citizens of Rome, the three chief actors in the drama, the two lawyers, and the Pope who pronounces the final judgment. Obviously a lyrical standard, which will apply to the singer's personal expression, cannot be the same as a dramatic standard, which will apply to all the other persons represented by the poet as speaking. The utmost that we can require of characters dramatically conceived in poetry is that they shall be so far removed from the commonplace as never to suggest it or reflect it. That is, they must be conceived with ideal skill and speak and act with ideal propriety. They need not, nay, they cannot, always exhibit a non-normal state of mind; it is enough if they exhibit this high poetic feeling when the dramatic situation demands it. Nobody expects poetry in the narrowest sense from the Roman citizens who present their views of the tragedy; or from the lawyers, who provide a kind of comic relief. But we do expect the protagonists, the persons vitally concerned in this dark tragedy, to speak and act at climactic points as becomes denizens of the world of poetry. Let us see how Browning manages this. At his examination, speaking of the flight, Caponsacchi is reported in "the Old Yellow Book" to have said:

"Accordingly, at about one o'clock in the morning, she came alone to the said gate. We entered the car and turned along outside of the city wall to go to the gate of San Spirito, which is in the direction of Perugia."

This is how Browning renders it:

"And thus  
Through each familiar hindrance of the day  
Did I make steadily for its hour and end,—  
Felt time's old barrier-growth of right and fit  
Give way through all its twines, and let me go.  
Use and wont recognized the excepted man,  
Let speed the special service,—and I sped  
Till, at the dead between midnight and morn,  
There was I at the goal, before the gate,  
With a tune in the ears, low leading up to loud,  
A light in the eyes, faint that would soon be flare,  
Ever some spiritual witness new and new  
In faster frequency, crowding solitude  
To watch the way o' the warfare,—till, at last,  
When the ecstatic minute must bring birth,  
Began a whiteness in the distance, waxed  
Whiter and whiter, near grew and more near,  
Till it was she: there did Pompilia come:  
The white I saw shine through her was her soul's,  
Certainly, for the body was one black,  
Black from head down to foot. She did not speak,  
Glided into the carriage,—so a cloud  
Gathers the moon up. 'By San Spirito,  
To Rome, as if the road burned underneath!  
Reach Rome, then hold my head in pledge, I pay  
The run and the risk to heart's content!' Just that,  
I said,—then, in another tick of time,  
Sprang, was beside her, she and I alone."

In the *Old Yellow Book*, as is well known, there is no suggestion of love between Caponsacchi and Pompilia, except from their enemies. Their mutual love in the poem is entirely the creation of Browning, and this it is which removes the story from the commonplace of an ordinary trial and surrounds it with the atmosphere of poetry. We do not forget that the intellectually conceived purpose of the poem, as expressed at the outset, was to furnish an object lesson on how the poet by a mysterious alchemy makes poetry out of the raw material of fact, as well as to show how difficult is the course of Truth in the world, though she will ultimately come to her own and triumph. That is all very true; but the poet, as it were, forgets all about this purpose, so that in the last chapter, "The Book and the Ring," we have only leave-takings, last echoes of the trial, the execution, the lawyers' complaints; and then at the end the words, didactic indeed but emotionally phrased, about the mission of art—

"Art may tell a truth  
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,  
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.  
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,  
Beyond mere imagery on the wall,—  
So, note by note, bring music from your mind,  
Deeper than ever the Andante dived,—  
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,  
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside."

We should be inclined, then, to say that the prevailing impression made by "The Ring and



the Book" is poetical. The intellectual process has been lost to sight in the artistic transformation of the characters as dramatically conceived and presented.

The poets whom Mr. Jack discusses and the varieties of poetic activity they respectively represent, are Gray (social or prose poetry), Burns (natural or spontaneous poetry), Wordsworth (basic or elemental poetry), Byron (oratorical poetry), Emerson (didactic poetry), Arnold (critical or reflective poetry), and Meredith (intellectual poetry). It will be noted that epic and dramatic poetry have no place in the list; it is with lyric poetry that Mr. Jack is in the main concerned. We shall not quarrel further with our critic, for with most of what he says we are in hearty accord.\* He has a fine and accurate critical sense. We would call special attention to his remarks on Burns's love poetry (pp. 81-5); his subtle analysis of the "Ode on Immortality" (pp. 110-16); and his close examination of the style of Meredith (pp. 205ff.). In short, he has produced an illuminating and suggestive study of poetry, which no student can afford to ignore.

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

\*Just what is "ungrammatical" in the line quoted from Burns,

"It was na me ye glistened by"  
(p. 79), we cannot make out. To us the line makes perfect grammatical sense.

#### A COÖPERATIVE HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.\*

It is now nearly a century since Leopold von Ranke began his wonderful career as student of history and master workman in the little guild of historical investigators. Since that day the advance of historical science has been almost marvellous. Ranke's work furnished not only inspiration but standards and methods. The influence of the German ideals is clearly seen in the vast collections of documentary materials and the innumerable monographs on themes, both great and trifling, that have been published during the past two generations.

These activities have also compelled a change in the method of writing histories of the general type. The task that Edward Gibbon undertook would to-day seem almost impossible. Historians who write extended works find themselves revising the first volume before the second is finished. The only way out of present difficul-

ties seems to be through coöperative work. Of coöperative histories we have two chief types: one, in which each contributor deals with a period of some extent, one that can be conveniently treated in a single volume; and another composed of a series of brief monographs, each making a chapter or part of a chapter in a volume of related studies. The latter type is best illustrated by "The Cambridge Modern History," a massive work of twelve bulky volumes that has just seen completion.

The Cambridge plan has been severely criticized as one that sacrifices unity and continuity of style and narrative in order to secure the last conclusion and the most recent view of the specialist. But the Cambridge historians still have faith in the correctness and practicability of Lord Acton's ideas. A "Cambridge History of English Literature" has recently been prepared according to the Cambridge plan. And now we have the initial volume of a new venture, "The Cambridge Medieval History."

It was eminently proper that this work should be planned by Lord Acton's successor in the Regius professorship, Professor J. B. Bury. It is also appropriate that the writing of a history that must necessarily give particular attention to the mediæval church should be done under the supervision of scholars who have positive church interests: the first volume has been edited by the church historian, Dr. H. M. Gwatkin, and by the Rev. J. P. Whitney. The work begins with the reign of Constantine, and the first volume covers roughly two centuries,—the fourth and the fifth. Eight volumes will complete the work. When the last chapter is written, Cambridge University will have given us a continuous narrative of the world's history since the decline of Rome—sixteen centuries of decline and progress—in twenty large and carefully written volumes. With all its shortcomings, the series is a most notable undertaking; it will be many years before the student of the past can afford to neglect the Cambridge histories.

It is an essential part of the Cambridge plan to find and enlist the services of the most eminent specialists, not only in England but elsewhere. Whether all the writers who have contributed to the present volume belong to this class may well be doubted; but no fault can be found with the choice of contributors in most instances. The chapters on Constantine and Arianism are from the pen of Professor Gwatkin. For an account of the Asiatic background of the Hunnish and other Mongol invasions, the editors have gone to Dr. T. Peisker of Graz. An Irish abbot, Dom

\*THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. Planned by J. B. Bury, M.A. Edited by H. M. Gwatkin, M.A., and J. P. Whitney, D.D. Volume I. New York: The Macmillan Co.

E. C. Butler, writes on monasticism. Professor Paul Vinogradoff, the economic historian, sums up the social situation in the fourth century. Other contributors who have acquired more than local fame are Professor F. J. Haverfield of Oxford, Professor M. Dumoulin of Paris, and Dr. M. Manitius of Dresden.

The editors inform us that the work follows the general lines of Lord Acton's plan, "but with a few improvements of detail suggested by experience." What these improvements are the reviewer has not been able to determine. In all the externals of print, binding, arrangement of materials, etc., this volume bears a close resemblance to those of the *Modern History*. In its treatment of events it is more philosophic than the earlier work, one of whose chief defects lies in a failure to subordinate minor details. The present volume has more discussion and fewer details. But this is not necessarily due to a conscious effort on the part of the writers: the nature of the sources and the poverty of the documents are such that a highly detailed account becomes impossible.

It seems, however, that a conscious attempt has been made not merely to chronicle passing events, but also to discuss somewhat fully the social, institutional, and intellectual aspects of the age. This purpose appears in such chapters as those on the reorganization of the empire; the organization of the church; monasticism; social and economic conditions; thoughts and ideas of the period; and early Christian art. Dr. Peisker's chapter on the nomadic life of the steppes can scarcely be called history at all; nevertheless, it is an exceedingly suggestive and informing discussion, and adds much to the value of the work.

A volume of this sort, embodying as it does the views of twenty historians, can in the nature of things have no single view-point. But differing view-points need not necessarily be contradictory or hostile. It must be said that, on the whole, the editors have succeeded remarkably well in fitting the chapters and parts of chapters together in such a way as to avoid a too evident clash of opinions. In a brief review it is not possible to indicate the divergent views or the new views that may be found in a text of more than six hundred large pages; the reviewer therefore wishes to limit himself to a brief statement of the opinions advanced by Dr. Martin Bang and Dr. Peisker as to racial origins.

A generation ago it was held that the Indo-European race originated somewhere in Central Asia and came into Europe as an invading peo-

ple. Recent scholars have rejected this hypothesis, some even going so far as to doubt the existence of any such race. But Dr. Bang, who writes the chapter on "The Expansion of the Teutons," holds with the archaeologists of the North that the Indo-European race is not a fiction, but that its origin was European not Asiatic.

"The earliest home of the Teutons was in the countries surrounding the western extremity of the Baltic Sea, comprising what is now the south of Sweden, Jutland with Schleswig-Holstein, the German Baltic coast to about the Oder, and the islands with which the sea is studded as far as Gothland. This, not Asia, is the region which, with a certain extension south, as far, say, as the great mountain chain of central Germany, may be described as the cradle of the Indo-Germanic race. According to all appearance, this was the centre from which it impelled its successive waves of population towards the west, south, and southeast, to take possession, in the end, of all Europe and even of a part of Asia."

This expansion of the race seems to have been completed by 1500 B. C. A fragment remained behind in the original home, where it developed into the group of tribes and nations that we call the Teutons or Germans, whose migrations in the fourth and fifth centuries overwhelmed the ancient world.

But what Asia loses in Dr. Bang's chapter it regains to some extent in a later discussion. Dr. Peisker emphasizes the Mongolian element in the European peoples, an element which he finds all through eastern and southeastern Europe: "the Mongol type of features extends westwards to Bavaria and Württemberg." The Roumanians need no longer boast of Roman descent; like the Huns and Bulgarians, they are of Asiatic origin, descendants of nomads from the steppes. The same the author holds to be true of several other European peoples whom we usually do not think of as of Turanian stock. If Dr. Peisker is correct, more than half of the population of Europe must have descended from Asiatic fathers and European mothers.

"And like the peasantry among which they wintered (and winter) long enough, they became (and become) after a transitory bilingualism, Greeks, Albanians, Servians, Bulgarians, Ruthenians, Poles, Slovaks, Chekhs, Slovenes, Croats, seeing that they appeared there not as a compact body, but as a mobile nomad stratum among a strange-tongued and more numerous peasant element, and not till later did they take to agriculture and themselves become settled."

It has long been realized that purity of race is a mere fiction; but as to the various ingredients in the different racial mixtures, there is no general agreement. To the settlement of these problems, the present volume appears to have brought an important contribution.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

## SOME RECENT DRAMAS.\*

Mr. Zangwill's "The War God," quite aside from its significance as a document in the movement for Peace, is a vigorous and well-wrought drama, daringly using verse form for a play realistic in setting and detail, and by no means failing in the literary aspect of the work. At times the writer drops below the level demanded of blank verse, and he indulges in an irritating and entirely unnecessary clipping of words; but, broadly speaking, the literary technique is adequate, while there can be no question as to the dramatic values or noble largeness of the theme. Mr. Zangwill is working with increasing effectiveness in the dramatic form.

It is worth noting that Mr. Kennedy's new and striking piece, "The Terrible Meek," is a variant of the same subject: he cries up the coming of Peace, even as does Mr. Zangwill. Much silly and misleading criticism has been directed against this drama, since its production at the Little Theatre in New York. The reader discovers that here is a one-act play very novel in method and design, played for forty minutes in darkness, but showing plainly in its dialogue how certain soldiers are turned away from their profession by the words of a poor mother bewailing the execution of her son. Her meekness, and that of her child, is terrible in its non-resistance. The final clearing-away of the mists to reveal, not modern England, but Palestine, with the three figures on the cross, is simply making visual the allegory, and none but the philistine could take it otherwise. The play is a beautiful, impressive, and altogether legitimate work.

Upon Mr. John Galsworthy's delightful play, "The

\* THE WAR GOD. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE TERRIBLE MECK. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE PIGEON. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

TO-MORROW. By Percy MacKaye. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

YANKEE FANTASIES. By Percy MacKaye. New York: Duffield & Co.

COUNTRESS JULIA (Fröken Julie). By August Strindberg. Translated by Charles Recht. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers.

POLITE FARCES. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

TWO PLAYS BY TCHEKHOV. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by George Calderon. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. H. Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE LIVING CORPSE. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. J. M. Everts. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers.

THE LIGHT THAT SHINES IN DARKNESS. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. H. Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE GREY STOCKING, and Other Plays. By Maurice Baring. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE WATERS OF BITTERNESS, and The Clodhopper. By S. M. Fox. New York: Duffield & Co.

MASTER FLACHSMANN (Flachsmann als Erzieher). By Otto Ernst. Translated by H. M. Bently. New York: Duffield & Co.

Pigeon," also produced at the Little Theatre, two strictures may be made: first, that it has no plot in the conventional sense; and second, that it proves nothing,—that it has no proposition, in the argot of dramaturgy. But Mr. Galsworthy is a social student; and with the most sympathetic characterization, happy dialogue, and atmospheric visualization, he has here shown us the dangers in two opposing methods of charity: the impulsive kind-hearted personal sort, represented by the painter who is the gull of the piece, and the organized philanthropy which leaves the heart cold. Just as in "Strife," the author states the case, and lets us make the inference; nor does he ever forget that a play is an entertainment. Certainly the waifs and strays of his latest drama furnish this latter quality in abundance.

Mr. Percy MacKaye continues to add to an already large and varied list of plays, increasing with each new volume one's sense of his resources. "To-Morrow" shows him in sympathy with such dramatic thinkers as Ibsen and Brieux in their social biologics. It is an interesting essay in eugenics; and also, to our mind, an interesting play. Why should not the daughter of a scientist father be so educated as to regard clean blood in her suitor as important as blue eyes? Her decision is justified, and a final scene of real power finds her aligned with the right man. Mr. MacKaye does not consider it necessary to be "unhappy" at the end, in order to drive his lesson home.

The same author's group of one-act plays, "Yankee Fantasies," reminds us how steadily this promising dramatic form is gaining. It should become thoroughly domesticated, for it offers opportunities of broad brush-work superior to the longer play, and often brings us back to the essentials of drama, stripped of all padding. The work in this volume might be described as the poetic and imaginative handling of homely realistic material; and in such examples as "Sam Average" and "The Cat Boat" the result is convincing. In a piece like "Chuck" the symbolism may possibly overlie the dramatic texture too thickly; but Mr. MacKaye's idealism is refreshing in contrast with the frequent sordid insistence upon the other extreme. An unobtrusive note of patriotism breathes through the entire book, and the atmosphere is richly and enjoyably that of New England.

Popular interest in the work of Strindberg will be quickened by his death, especially as many of his plays are now being brought out in America. The latest addition is a fairly good English version of his "Fröken Julie," described by the author as "a naturalistic tragedy." It is a brutal study of opposed types; and of the two persons, the aristocratic woman and the valet to whom she stoops, it were hard to say which is the more repellant. So far as such a work has any use or meaning, it would appear to be an exposure of the worst features of both upper and lower classes, done with the grim, uncompromising realism for which Strindberg is famous. Yet one



can but sigh that so much power should be expended upon such a result. One has a right to challenge this kind of literature with the inevitable *Cui bono?*

From Strindberg's "Froken Julie" to Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Polite Farces" is a change indeed! These light, clever, keen one-act sketches are built for parlor dimensions; and while not an important part of Mr. Bennett's product, they serve their purpose of intelligent amusement. The best of the three is "The Stepmother," but "A Good Woman" is full of fun and skilfully handled. "A Question of Sex" seems less successful because of the assumed conditions. Given the drawing-room environment, all of them should go well, and they certainly are pleasant to read.

Tehekhof ranks among the leaders of latter-day Russian fiction and drama, and the appearance of two of his representative plays in a capital translation is therefore welcome. After their perusal, however, one is tempted to doubt the Russian gift for play-making. The dramas of Tolstoy, Gorky, Andrev, and Tehekhof have a hundred virtues; but that particular virtue which consists of so telling a story in dramatic form as to lead up to an essential and compelling climax, the Slav cannot boast. Of these two pieces of Tehekhof, "The Seagull" and "The Cherry Orchard," the former is the more dramatic, and is unquestionably interesting for its character study; but it is a visualized narrative of love at cross purposes rather than a drama. As for the second, the reader is fairly dazed as the *dramatis personæ* drifts off and on, and he grasps like a drowning man for a straw at the incident of the sale of an orchard, whereby is revealed the tendency of upper-class folk in the land of the Czar to talk eternally and never act. Even the informing Introduction by the translator, Mr. George Calderon, cannot convince us that "atmosphere dialogue" is a substitute for "action dialogue."

Two versions appear almost simultaneously of Tolstoy's striking posthumous play, "The Living Corpse," which has aroused considerable discussion abroad, and has been played in several countries. The idea of an unworthy husband allowing his wife to think him dead so that she may secure a divorce and marry another, is an excellent one for dramatic purposes, and a dramatist such as M. Bernstein would have made it thrilling. But in the hands of the great Russian it is a fine theme told in narrative rather than dramatic fashion. Valuable as it is for its knowledge of the types, and arresting as it is in individual scenes, judged as structure, growth, and climax it is emphatically material mishandled. Printed with one of the versions is a one-act sketch called "The Cause of It All," which is open to the same criticism, modified because less of drama is needed; as a study of poverty and a screed on temperance, it serves its purpose, and has ethical significance.

Still another posthumous play by Tolstoy is "The Light That Shines in Darkness." This has a special interest, quite aside from any artistic consideration,

in that it seems to have some autobiographic significance. In the opinion of some, at least, the tragedy which darkened the great writer's last days, his following of the dictates of conscience and so separating himself from his home and dear ones, is reproduced in a veiled way in this drama, which portrays a man who clashes with family and friends because he holds the Tolstoyian doctrine of non-resistance, poverty, and brotherly love. It is incomplete, the fifth act being merely sketched out; but even in its present form it is a deeply moving piece of literature, with a direct simplicity and earnestness far more effective than any stage tricks could make it.

Decidedly able work is to be found in the volume of three plays by Mr. Maurice Baring, whose literary labor has of late been many-sided. All these plays have the merit of naturalness of character-sketching and dialogue; and if the motives be comparatively tenuous, much is made of them. The additional merit of variety, too, is possessed by the author. "The Grey Stocking" is an Ibsenesque piece, with the quiet tone which brings out well a tense situation, sad and logical as life itself. "The Green Elephant," in vivid contrast, is melodrama, of the same genre as "The Thief." And the third, "The Double Game," is a picture of Russian revolutionary life with a tragic culmination,—an intimate revelation, one feels, based upon real knowledge.

Mr. S. M. Fox is an English dramatist hitherto unknown to most of us; but he deserves serious consideration. For a clever seizing of contemporary moods, keen and witty dialogue, and the right setting of character in scene, his work is capital. "The Waters of Bitterness" is a poignant bit of psychology possessed of real pathos and power; while "The Clodhopper" is delicious fun in the way of a satire on the latter-day mannish woman. Mr. Fox is a frank partisan, but both sides should succumb to his gay humor. At its best, his dialogue rivals that of Oscar Wilde. "The Waters of Bitterness" has been produced by the English Stage Society.

A well-known latter-day German dramatist is Otto Ernst; and "Master Flachsmann," now translated by Mr. H. M. Beatty, is one of his best pieces. Even if it were not an excellent satiric comedy, clean in construction, keen in characterization, and life-like in dialogue, it would still be a valuable educational document, for it gives in vivid contrast the ideals of the old and new pedagogic dispensation. The picture of the old-time narrow pedant bully is as laugh-provoking as that of Dickens's Gradgrind, and as true. His overthrow by Flemming, a sympathetic portrait of a genuine teacher and educational idealist, makes fine comedy,—the sort that obeys Meredith by leaving a thoughtful smile on the reader's face. The translation is very accurate, erring, indeed, a little on the side of literality. "My God" is not the true English equivalent of *Mein Gott*, nor can the *Du* of endearment be lifted bodily into our tongue.

RICHARD BURTON.

## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The greatest of Russian realists.*

"We in England are apt to cling so blindly to half-truths that we consider the statement of the other half-truths a mere joke, which may or may not be amusing." So observes Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd in his volume on "A Great Russian Realist: Feodor Dostoieffsky" (Lane); and his book is a sternly earnest effort to bring the "self-contented spirit of the West," to some conception of the "inner pain of Russia." All of us who have come into personal contact with Russians, and have looked with amazement into depths and vistas of which the Germanic peoples and the Latins alike are utterly devoid, will follow Mr. Lloyd's effort sympathetically, — even though it is evident from the beginning that this fervent Russophile, being himself an Anglo-Saxon, is almost as helpless as a man without eyes trying to describe the sun to his blind fellow-men. The most successful parts of the book are citations of certain lurid and haunting pages which will certainly grip all readers not already familiar with Dostoieffsky, and will impel them to seek first-hand information about his works, which are available in translation although they have been very little read in this country. To Mr. Lloyd the Russian novel is the greatest of all, and he ranks Dostoieffsky as the greatest, or at least the most typical, of Russian novelists. His reasons for these judgments are at least deserving of respectful consideration. If the best fiction is that which approaches the most sympathetically and faithfully to the life of the emotions, neither the close-mouthed Englishman nor the super-educated Frenchman nor the docile and cautious German has produced anything worthy to rank with the works of this infinitely pitiful and infinitely curious, absolutely spontaneous, shameless, unassuming combination of dreamer and unsparing realist, Feodor Dostoieffsky. His life, as poignant, as terrible, as chaotic, and as astonishing as the strangest of his books, ended thirty years ago. At the time of his death, his name was almost unknown in this country. Now special students of Russian literature are writing books about him; perhaps in a few years more he will receive from the reading public a small share, at least, of the attention he deserves as the most Russian of all great Russian novelists. For the Russian is swayed by his emotions, and to quote Mr. Lloyd again: "Turgenev had caught as an artist the want of the vast silent country; Tolstoy had reasoned upon it, and explained it; but the want was in the heart of Dostoieffsky."

*New studies of the anti-slavery conflict.*

Mr. Hilary A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the Navy, has written a volume on "The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences" (Scribner), the main thesis of which is that responsibility for the tragedy connected with the ending of slavery in this country is to be traced directly to the organization of the Abolition Movement, by William Lloyd Garrison, in 1831. Mr. Herbert writes in good temper, and there is much

truth in his volume difficult to be found in books written from the Northern standpoint. But no one who has gone to the bottom of the slavery question can believe that the great struggle which culminated with the Civil War would have been obviated if the fates had in some way turned the attention of the individual William Lloyd Garrison in some other direction. In asserting that in Garrison's view the most humane slave-holders were wicked monsters and fiends, the author shows himself not quite sufficiently well acquainted with Garrison's own words. Garrison's hatred was for the sin of slavery, not for the slave-holder personally. Mr. Herbert of course believes that the more or less outspoken opposition to slavery which existed in the South itself would have resulted finally in emancipation, if the North had only consented to keep still and leave the matter exclusively to the states in which the system existed. But to assume the possibility of such a development from slavery to freedom is to assume conditions which simply did not exist. With human passions what they are, the time when a peaceful path to emancipation was still open had passed years before Garrison founded "The Liberator" and organized the New Abolitionists in 1831. And upon no one man of earlier date, any more than upon Garrison, can the whole of the burden be placed. — Another study of the anti-slavery conflict, though from a different point of view, is "The Battle of Principles" (Revell), by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. "Our national peril is Mammonism, and the sordid pursuit of gold," says the author. "Our fathers came hither in pursuit of God and liberty, — not gold and territory." To draw the attention of our youth to the fundamental principles of freedom and right, then, is the duty of the hour; and to this end he describes the struggle for the abolition of slavery, grouping his facts and ideas mostly about prominent characters in the conflict, such as Webster and Calhoun, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Greeley, Mrs. Stowe, John Brown, Lincoln, Douglas, and Beecher. The person who has read much in this field will find little that is new in Dr. Hillis's volume; but the story is told in attractive form, and will perhaps carry its lesson to many who will not take time for the more extensive reading from which those of us who are older gathered it.

*The charm of English women in Japanese eyes.*

"Miss John Bull" is the title of the American edition of Mr. Yoshio Makino's amusing sketches, collected from "The English Review," where they bore the name chosen by the author himself, "My Idealized John Bullesses," which also is the title of the book in its English edition. Six excellent colored plates from the artist-author's brush are added to the pen-and-ink drawings that accompanied the magazine articles, and the work is published in this country by the Houghton Mifflin Co. This transplanted Oriental is frankly and innocently infatuated with the beauty, so unlike that of his own countrywomen, of the fresh-complexioned, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, and often

golden-haired "John Bulleses," and he bubbles over, in the oddest, most amusing, most picturesquely expressive idiom, in praise of her charms. Viewing her at a new angle and with far-eastern prepossessions, he startles and delights the reader with many fresh and highly original and sometimes salutary comments on her character and ways. Here is a pathetic bit from the chapter in which he writes of love: "During my fourteen years' stay in England once, nay, twice, thrice, perhaps more, I fell into love with some John Bulleses. Unfortunately none of them could love me. It was some years ago when the last one told me it was impossible for her to love me. I wrote in my diary thus:—'Alas, have I forgotten myself again? I was born as an artist and to love the beauties. Therefore I am permitted to walk into this flower garden. How charming are those flowers! They are blossoming beautifully for me to try my brush, but not for me to pick up.'" It is not surprising to find the author championing the cause of the "suffragettes" in a chapter devoted to them. Other chapters deal with the English woman's home life, with her amusements and her social life, with her services to him as teacher, with "broad-minded John Bulleses," with the conditions that best bring out the beauty and the liveliness of English women, and so on. The colored pictures are worthy of the gifted artist, and are well reproduced; and the drawings are suggestive and amusing—sometimes unusually spirited and graceful.

*The rise of a noted Irish portrait painter.*

In his sumptuous volume on "John Lavery and his Work" (Estes) Mr. Walter Shaw-Sparrow explains that, as in his similar work on Frank Brangwyn—one of last year's most attractive and excellent of artist biographies—"an appeal is made to those who believe that every generation ought to protect its own good genius. Reverence for the Old Masters has dangers of its own; if carried too far, it hinders current effort by nourishing an excessive awe of tradition and authority." Mr. Lavery, still in the vigor of his best years, has won such repute as a portrait-painter that the King and Queen of England have commissioned him to paint their portraits, and he is one of the comparatively few artists who have been invited to present their own likenesses, the product of their own skill, to the Uffizi Gallery. The story of young Lavery's struggles with adversity and rise to prosperity—by the way of a Glasgow photographer's studio, where he tinted photographs, a Paris art-school, where he had to unlearn much that he had already acquired, and sketching travels through various foreign countries—makes good reading as narrated by his always-sympathetic biographer. It is, of course, these formative years that are most important in tracing the development of genius or character, of whatever sort; and Mr. Shaw-Sparrow takes pains to remind his readers, in so many words, that he is "studying a painter's career as it ought to be studied in a book, from within the changing atmosphere of its early years, which are always the

most important years in the making of an artist." In his occasional pregnant utterances on Mr. Lavery's points of strength and weakness, not a few are of larger application, as,— "It is impossible to be great in portraiture if you plod to excel yourself, because greatness comes unbidden and out of the dark, like the dawn." Mr. Lavery, it should be remembered, is an Irishman by birth, "and he and his work prosper in an Irish manner—as emigrants." Twelve color plates, five "Rembrandtgravures," and twenty collotypes do their best to give the reader some notion of this artist's leading characteristics; and twenty-two pages of preface, personal and reminiscent, are contributed by Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham.

*Queen Victoria's early life.*

American readers who are interested in the every-day life of court and castle will derive much pleasure and information from Clare Jerrold's "The Early Court of Queen Victoria" (Putnam). It is the author's purpose "to show the young monarch as she really was, surrounded by the somewhat cruel limitations of her time—a girl frank, loving, truthful, and admirable in many ways, yet one in whom the seeds of an undue pride had been planted and most earnestly fostered by those responsible," though on the whole a very lovable person. As such a work must necessarily deal largely with influences within the family, considerable attention is given to Victoria's relatives, the children and grandchildren of George III. It is not possible to write of these scions of royalty without telling unpleasant tales; but as far as possible the author avoids all forms of scandal. The extraordinary care that the Duchess of Kent showed in bringing up the future Queen, and which has been praised so highly by uncritical writers, is shown in a new light: the author has little sympathy for such maternal care as allows no opportunity for unaided growth. "From the day of her birth to her accession she [Victoria] had scarcely been alone for ten minutes at a time!" Some account is also given of the political influences that controlled the earlier years of the reign. The work closes with the Queen's marriage; the concluding chapter deals with Queen Victoria's home and the difficulties encountered in organizing the new establishment and in the efforts to free it from annoying interferences. The work is provided with a number of excellent contemporary portraits, including two of the young Queen. While much of the material included is of slight importance, the volume shows careful and judicious research, and makes an acceptable addition to the growing literature about the great Queen.

*India: Its peoples and its problems.*

One of the new volumes in Messrs. Holt's "Home University Library" bears the title "Peoples and Problems of India," and comes from the pen of Sir T. W. Holderness, K.C.S.I. The distinguished author has served the Indian government for many years in various capacities, and needless to say is well qualified for his present task. But it must be questioned



whether such a comprehensive subject can be treated satisfactorily within the limits prescribed by the plan of the series. Frankly, we remain rather doubtful: we cannot quite escape the impression that might arise from seeing an elephant driven to a trotting sulky. But we must hasten to add that the book seems as good as it can be under the conditions. In fact, it is the best small treatise we know dealing with the range of subjects fairly indicated by the general title; and on that ground it can be cordially recommended. The ten chapters, bearing such captions as "The People," "The Caste System," "Economic Life," "The Native States," etc., are concise and trustworthy presentations in simple form of their respective themes. One must regret that the appearance of the volume did not happen to be postponed until after the surprising announcements at the Delhi durbar, even if these did not involve any radical change in policy except with reference to the capital and the partition of Bengal. However, the reader will easily fit these new details to the general idea that he will have gathered from the author's presentation. There are some indications that the author's "copy" was turned off at rather high speed, although on the whole one reads along pleasantly enough. The bibliography is up to the laudable standard set for the series; but it is impossible to acquiesce in the omission of a map from such a volume, which is expressly intended for a public without special knowledge of India. Even those of us who feel fairly familiar with the geography of that "gigantic triangle" would not be ungrateful for such simple aid, while for others it would seem indispensable.

*New source material in American history.*

Mr. James Alexander Robertson's two-volume work, "Louisiana under the Rule of Spain, France, and the United States, 1785-1807" (A. H. Clark Co.), contains five hundred pages of original unpublished documents bearing on the twenty-five years of turbulent history of the lower Mississippi region following the close of the American Revolution. It contains, also, an abundance of explanatory notes and a good index. The work was worth doing, and it has been done well by both the author and the publishers. The most valuable of these documents is the long epistolary account of conditions in Louisiana written by Paul Alliot after his expulsion from New Orleans in March, 1803. Alliot was a physician, a keen observer, and (if his own story be allowed in evidence) an able man with statesmanlike views. His narrative treats of all phases of Louisiana life and conditions, and it is rightly given the place of honor in these volumes. The publication of the original French text on alternate pages with a good English translation is to be commended, while the notes bearing upon this document give valuable information about the city of New Orleans, the various industries of the territory at the time of its purchase by the United States, and the social and intellectual life. In the second volume there are letters of the English,

French, Spanish, and American agents to their governments, covering the period of 1785 to 1803 very closely; and, after the American occupation, the correspondence between such men as Claiborne and Wilkinson sheds much new light on the problems of the West to the time of the Aaron Burr Conspiracy. One of the most interesting of the papers of these later years is that of Vicente Folch, Governor of Florida, dated 1804 (?), describing the marvellous changes in the Mississippi valley after the penetration of the Americans into that region about the middle of the eighteenth century. The settlement of Kentucky by the Virginians was the beginning of great things in the West, according to Folch. The sources of the documents contained in these volumes are the Spanish, French, and Cuban archives, and the collections in Washington, New Orleans, and other cities of the United States. With the constant appearance of such works as this, the history of the United States promises soon to be so well "documented" that the rôle of the historian is likely to become most unenviable.

*New light on Lafcadio Hearn.*

A contributor to a recent issue of THE DIAL referred to Mrs. Nina H. Kennard's book on Lafcadio Hearn (Appleton) as "in many ways the most comprehensive" account of that master of English prose. The book is an excellent one in its way, though it would have gained much by more systematic planning and more efficient condensation. Its faults, apart from those just suggested, are on the surface,—notably carelessness in proofreading (which is responsible for numerous slips of no great inherent consequence), and a want of distinction in style. Mrs. Kennard has appreciation for the subject of her biography, though she is not critic enough adequately to trace the evolution of a great stylist out of one who had, as she herself has written, his "orchid and cockatoo" phase. Incidentally, she scarcely does justice to his earlier work, denying as she does any artistic merit to "Chita"—one of the overloaded, albeit brief, romances of his New Orleans period. Mrs. Kennard's book supplements what Mrs. Wetmore and other Americans have told us of Hearn's life, and succeeds in establishing the falsity of some of the Hearn "legend." The new biographer has the advantage of knowing Hearn's Irish kin, and of having read his letters to Mrs. Atkinson, his half-sister. Portions of this correspondence are, indeed, introduced. The reader of Mrs. Kennard's memoir will learn more of Hearn's early life in Ireland, and at school with the Jesuit fathers in England, than he could previously have known. Who, for instance, was aware until now that Hearn's brother is still living, and in America?

*A compendium of psychology.*

Writers of scientific handbooks aim to adjust the needs of students and readers to their own purposes and the demands of science. Between the rigid text and the avowed popularization is the compendium that reflects the state of knowledge in orderly fashion,

makes its appeal to the reader, and gives opportunity for the interpretative skill of the writer. An unusually successful example of this sort of work is Professor Ladd's "Elements of Physiological Psychology" (Scribner) as now very substantially rewritten and revised by Professor Woodworth. The proportion of parts, the data, the expositions are all so decidedly altered as to constitute a new book,—as indeed it must be to be useful. One may even question whether the revision could not have gone still further to advantage. Considerable space is given to the description of the structure and functions of the nervous system; it is important that this should be available in the new formulation for students of psychology, and the task is here most ably accomplished. Chapter by chapter the new is skilfully incorporated with the old, only occasionally revealing the seams too conspicuously. Upon its general merits the book at once assumes a commandingly useful place for the student or reader who is serious in his purpose to survey the available data of psychology.

*Oregon in the making, by one of the makers.*

Born in Oregon sixty-one years ago, and living there all his life, acquainted with all parts of the Beaver State by reason of his many campaigns of public speaking and electioneering, mingling freely and genially with his fellow-Oregonians of every calling and degree, and holding for four years the governorship of the State after a considerable experience in political office of a less exalted nature, ex-Governor Geer is in a position to discourse most entertainingly on the history and growth of that part of the great Northwest which has been his lifelong home and the scene of his various activities. "Fifty Years in Oregon" (Neale) is a substantial volume, rich in personal reminiscence, local history, illustrative anecdote, and the vicissitudes of politics. The descendant of a line of farmers from Connecticut by way of Ohio and Illinois, and himself a farmer until public life diverted his energies in other directions, Mr. Geer is master of a style marked by homely directness and the employment of figures and illustrations sure to be understood and enjoyed by those to whom his book will most strongly appeal. Four years of his later life have been given to the editorship of a newspaper, the Pendleton "Daily Tribune," so that he brings to his book-writing the literary skill acquired in journalism. Some striking views of Oregon scenery and a frontispiece portrait of the author embellish the volume.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

"Who's Who in America" (Marquis) for 1912-13 has just been published, and the volume is the seventh biennial issue of that indispensable work of reference. Despite the many gaps caused by death, and the system which for many biographies refers readers to the previously-published volumes of the series, the work expands rather portentously. Thin paper and close economy of space in the typography keep the bulk

down to something like the old dimensions, although nearly 19,000 biographies are now given, and there are nearly 2,700 pages in the book. The useful Geographical Index is retained.

"The Ben Greet Shakespeare for Young Readers and Amateur Players" (Doubleday) is a presentation of the plays in a form suitable for the amateur stage, with diagrams and minute directions both for the "business" and the understanding of the text. It is an admirable undertaking, and should find a hearty welcome. The volumes now published are "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Tempest."

The Eighth Annual Report of the Virginia State Library is an unusually full and interesting volume, running indeed to more than five hundred pages, the greater part of which is occupied with a "List of the Revolutionary Soldiers of Virginia"—a partial list, necessarily, but much nearer completeness than any previous one. It is sadly significant to note, among the serious difficulties encountered by the compiler (Mr. H. J. Eckenrode, Archivist), the incomprehensible refusal of the War Department at Washington, or of its archivist, to permit the copying of its rolls. But Mr. Eckenrode has succeeded in obtaining the names of between thirty-five and thirty-six thousand Virginia soldiers of our War of Independence.

Most of the ambitious books dealing with India naturally omit details about "native building, occupations, mode of farming, daily life, productions, methods of mission work, obstacles, and so forth." Yet these are just the things an average American might ask a friend to write about in his letters from that picturesque peninsula, and they form the subject matter of a little volume entitled "India and Daily Life in Bengal," from the pen of the Reverend Z. F. Griffin, and issued by the American Baptist Publication Society. The work is unpretentious, and is written with no concern about style; but, if it may be judged by its own standard, it really deserves the success indicated by the appearance of the third edition, for the author amply fulfills the modest promises made in the preface. Mr. Griffin does not forget that he has been a missionary for fifteen years; but he does not obtrude this interest unduly. The text is vivified by thirty-eight illustrations, "mostly from the author's own negatives."

Ohio occupied an important and influential position during the critical period of the Civil War, and as a result a large amount of writing on the various questions connecting the history of the state with the momentous epoch has accumulated from year to year. "The Civil War Literature of Ohio: A Bibliography with Explanatory and Historical Notes" (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.), compiled by Mr. Daniel J. Ryan, now makes this mass of literature available to librarians and students of history. The material here described represents all types of writing on the subject, from Official Documents and records of Army organizations to miscellaneous works, including fiction, poetry, letters, etc. All is arranged alphabetically by author, and, following the annotation of the book or article (which is frequently extended to a digest that gains in significance when the item described represents a piece of work now out of print) is a brief summary of the author's life. The analytical index is serviceable. In scope, as well as in conciseness, this pioneer work might well serve as a model for other states that may have a similar task to perform.

## NOTES.

A collected edition of the poems of the late Mrs. Rosamund Marriott-Watson will probably be issued during the summer by John Lane Company.

A new novel by Mrs. Mary Austin, entitled "A Woman of Genius," is announced for autumn publication by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is said to have just completed a delightful topsy-turvy version of "The Taming of the Shrew," which he has called "Shakespeare for Women."

Mr. J. U. Higginbotham, author of "Three Weeks in England" and "Three Weeks in Holland," is now abroad gathering material for a similar volume entitled "Three Weeks in France."

Another of Frank Widekind's plays will be published this month, in an English version, by Messrs. Brown Brothers. "Such is Life" is its title, and Mr. Francis J. Ziegler is the translator.

The new English copyright law, well indexed and provided with marginal headings, is issued in pamphlet form by the Copyright Office of the Library of Congress, being Bulletin No. 16 of that office.

"Some English Story-Tellers" is the title of a volume devoted to the younger English novelists, written by Mr. Frederick Taber Cooper, which Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will publish in the autumn.

"The Home Book of Verse," compiled by Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, which Messrs. Holt have long had in active preparation, is likely to appear early in the coming autumn. It will be an octavo volume of about four thousand pages, reduced to manageable proportions by the use of India paper.

"The American Occupation of the Philippines," by Mr. James H. Blount, Officer U. S. Volunteers in the Philippines, 1899-1901, U. S. District Judge in the Philippines, 1901-1905, will be issued this month by Messrs. Putnam. The book is said to be a well-reasoned argument for native self-government.

Mary Caroline Crawford, author of "Old Boston Days and Ways" and "Romantic Days in Old Boston," is at work on a book of wider scope for autumn. It will be called "Romantic Days in the Early Republic," and will deal with New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, and other Southern cities.

Mr. Oscar Browning's latest work, "The History of the Modern World," will be published immediately by Messrs. Cassell. In the two volumes of which the new work consists, Professor Browning will give us a survey of the political events of the last ninety-five years, more than seventy of which have been passed during the writer's lifetime.

Margaret E. Sangster, a well-known magazine writer and editor, died on the 4th of this month. She was born in 1838. Besides producing a large amount of original verse, fiction, etc. (largely for younger readers), Mrs. Sangster was for ten years editor of "Harper's Bazar," and has held editorial connections with half a dozen other periodicals.

In connection with the recataloguing and reclassification of its collections the University of Chicago Libraries expect at an early date to begin printing on cards a considerable number of titles for which no printed cards can be obtained from the Library of Congress or the John Crerar Library. The entries will conform to the Library of Congress rules, author as well as subject, and will include subject and other added en-

tries as well as the classification numbers, according to the Library of Congress system. It is not yet known to what extent it will be possible to place these cards at the disposal of other libraries. In order to learn what demand there may be for them it is proposed to try the plan based on that recently adopted by Harvard College Library, whereby complete sets of all cards printed will be supplied at a nominal subscription price; or, where individual cards are desired, dated proofsheets will be supplied as rapidly as the type is set, and orders for separate cards may be entered for a period of thirty days after the date of each proofsheets. Full information as to prices, etc., may be obtained from the Director of the Libraries, University of Chicago.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 89 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- My Friendship with Prince Hohenlohe.** By Baroness von Hedemann. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 201 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.
- David Garrick, and his French Friends.** By Frank A. Hedgecock. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 442 pages. Duffield & Co.
- Anglo-American Memories.** By George W. Smalley, M.A. Second series; large 8vo, 418 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
- A Half Century among the Siamese and the Lao: An Autobiography.** By Daniel McGilvary, D.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 435 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$2. net.
- Notable Men of Tennessee from 1833 to 1875: Their Times and their Contemporaries.** By Oliver P. Temple; compiled and arranged by his daughter, Mary B. Temple. With portrait, 8vo, 467 pages. New York: Cosmopolitan Press. \$3 net.
- Rambles with John Burroughs.** By R. J. H. De Loach. Illustrated, 12mo, 141 pages. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.25 net.
- An Encyclopedist of the Dark Ages: Isidore of Seville.** By Ernest Brehaut, Ph. D. 8vo, 274 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper, \$2. net.
- Edward Henry Harriman.** By John Muir. 16 mo, 39 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. (Issued for presentation purposes only.)

## HISTORY

- The English People Overseas.** By A. Wyatt Tilby. Comprising: The American Colonies, 1583-1763; British India, 1600-1828; British North America, 1763-1847; Britain in the Tropics, 1527-1910. 12mo. Houghton Mifflin Co. Per volume, \$1.50 net.
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